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New Statesman

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New Statesman

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This is not the right Bill

THE PRIVATE Member's Bill on Sexual Offences, which would, among other things, make 'kerb-crawling' a criminal offence, has introduced a classic conflict between the need to protect civil liberties and the need to protect women from sexual harassment and neighbourhoods from nuisance. That conflict would be there however the law was worded: it is particularly acute in Ms Fookes's Bill, which received an unopposed Second Reading last Friday, for two reasons: it isolates the offence of 'kerb-crawling' from the general issues of prostitution and soliciting and it allows an accused man to be found guilty on the evidence of a police officer alone.

The sexual offences Acts of the 1950s were supposed to provide comprehensive legislation on public sexual offences. Since then, the economy has changed, introducing mass unemployment, and the women's and gay movements have attacked existing law as inadequate and repressive: and women's intolerance of sexual harassment has increased significantly. The pressure on the government to act has increased, causing growing embarrassment to the Conservative Party which still, in parts, regards itself as the guardian of sexual morality and protector of women, children and family life. Ms Fookes's Bill has the government's tacit support as an opportunistic gesture towards reclaiming 'moral ground' for Conservatism.

Before this Bill, the act of 'kerb-crawling' — driving slowly round an area looking for prostitutes — was discussed by successive working parties of the Criminal Law Revision Committee in the contexts of 'prostitution and allied offences' and 'vagrancy and street offences', the subjects of previous reports. The committee discussed introducing a new offence of 'soliciting from a car' but, as its 1982 working paper pointed out, a man would only have to get out of his car and walk down the road to avoid committing an offence. Ms Fookes's Bill would make it an offence for 'a man in a street or public place persistently to solicit a woman for prostitution' and to solicit a woman for sex 'in a manner likely to cause her fear'.

But in taking this single offence out of its overall context of prostitution and street life, Ms Fookes's Bill fails to deal with the problem, or rather deals with it partially in an extremely Conservative way. The problem is that prostitution on the streets becomes concentrated in certain areas, usually working class communities where the residents don't have the power to keep the unwanted out and the prostitutes don't have the money to move discreetly behind closed doors. The area becomes a 'red light district' — an area of sexual licence. A large number of men are thereby drawn to it, many of them looking for bona fide prostitutes, others merely wanting to make use of the sexual licence offered by the area. Thus it is that children and women of all ages, who are quite evidently, even to myopic morons in a hurry, not offering themselves for prostitution, are subjected to offensive and often highly aggressive approaches.

Existing criminal law is not sufficient to deal with this situation. Although the Nottingham police found that they could use the 1361 Justices of the Peace Act, this is a very second-rate solution. A law should pinpoint as exactly as possible what the offence is, not least to clarify for popular opinion what is wrong with a

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particular action. As Nicholas Fairbairn made embarrassingly clear in parliament last week, many men are quite unable to understand why unwanted sexual approaches are offensive. While the proper response to such approaches may not be a new law but a sharp crack on the nose, many women will not be in a position to deliver such a riposte, will feel too afraid, or simply think it's not good manners.

ANY NEW LAW should come to terms comprehensively with prostitution. This is not because, as Cheltenham's Conservative MP smugly asserted last week, it is 'the oldest profession', but because in any society where women are sexually and economically exploited, where there is mass unemployment, men will continue to pay more highly for women's sexual labours than for any other labour she might perform. While the long term answer lies in closing the sexual gulf in economic and sexual power, the short-term answer is to allow brothels to operate. Not only would this afford some measure of protection to prostitutes themselves from street attacks; it would also limit sexual cruising in the street. Just as the Local Government Act gave councils the power to licence sex shops, so they could be given powers to decide how many brothels could operate in a given area, under licence — taking care to ensure that working class districts did not degenerate into red light areas.

It is clearly right that persistent sexual harassment should be an offence. Although more committed trade unions could both help change opinion and help women at work, there is no measure women can use in public places to defend themselves against sexual harassment. But it is important that we see the law as a tool women can use in their own defence, not one the police alone can use in paternalistic protection. Under Ms Fookes's Bill, a man could be convicted on the word of a police officer alone. This would give the police one more power to exercise control over street life. It could become another 'sus' of the 1980s and would be wide open to the abuse of entrapment. It should be opposed for that reason. If, as it is argued, requiring the harassed woman to give evidence resulted in her being humiliated in the witness box, then the remedy lies in changing the behaviour of the courts, the legal profession and the police.

In responding to this Bill, the Labour, Liberal and Social Democratic Parties should treat it as a political issue. There is a modern convention that the political issues which really interest prople — matters of sex and death for instance — are matters of personal conscience and should, therefore, be left to free votes and private members' bills. This is a ludicrous convention, a refusal to recognise the politics involved in such issues, and an evacuation of the basic ground of morality and popular values. The opposition parties must not abandon that ground to the Tories. □

Wider and relevant factors

IT WAS A SMALL Monday news item from the Defence Secretary Michael Heseltine and it got very little coverage. He had decided to place a £130 million order for a new frigate for the Royal Navy with Cammell Laird on Merseyside, even though it could have been built more cheaply at another British yard:

> ... but in the light of the wider and relevant factors involved I have decided that an order for one Type-22 frigate will be placed with Cammell Laird.

The Defence Secretary did not elaborate on those 'wider and relevant factors', but they are that without this order the majority of Cammell's 1,700 workforce would have been thrown on the dole in an area of high unemployment and, in addition, the burden to the Exchequer in social security payments, rent and rate rebates and income tax lost would have been greater than the extra cost.

This minor victory for common sense and positive government intervention at a time when British industry is awash with spare human and material capacity should be welcomed. For once, someone in this government has, it seems, successfully argued against the Treasury that market forces and blind concern for the public sector borrowing requirement should be resisted — that it makes economic as well as social sense to pay people to work rather than to pay them to be idle.

The next question, though, is why this principle applies only to Mr Heseltine and the Ministry of Defence budget. Why cannot these 'wider and relevant factors' be taken into consideration over a range of capital expenditure projects — particularly non-military capital expenditure which might actually itself contribute over subsequent years to an increase in national wealth, in a way which no Type-22 frigate will ever do? Why cannot British Rail and other national industries, or the Department of Transport and local authorities be invited to increase their capital investment in our literally crumbling industrial infrastructure and housing stock, thus employing our construction industries? Of most immediate political relevance, can we take it that such 'wider and relevant factors' will be taken into account in the coal industry when the government finally allows the coal board to begin negotiations with the NUM over pit closures?

The stock government answer is still that government spending creates inflation, which destroys jobs. It will be the Lawson parrot cry in his budget speech next month. He would do well, therefore, to read a devastating article in the current issue of the *Lloyds Bank Review*. In it Professor Wilfred Beckerman convincingly stands the Thatcherite argument about inflation completely on its head. He has shown that the battle against inflation has been 'won' over the last five years not as a result of government policy, but as a result of the extraordinarily sharp fall in almost all world commodity prices, brought on by the prolonged and general world recession. □

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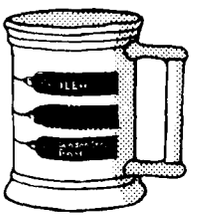

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Greenham case in New York
NOW IT'S A TENSE WAIT FOR THE SECOND RULING

THE US GOVERNMENT in the person of its top-flight lawyer Carolyn Simpson, the Assistant US Attorney, has again been forced by Greenham women to show why the siting of American cruise missiles in the UK shouldn't be subject to challenge in American courts. SUSAN JAFFE reports from New York

LAST WEEK it was the turn of a panel of three judges sitting in the US Court of Appeals in New York, the nation's second highest court, to hear an appeal by lawyers for 12 Greenham women and two US Congressmen against a July 1984 decision by a New York Federal judge — who had dismissed the attempted suit against President Reagan and senior members of the Administration.

The Greenham women are trying to persuade the Court of Appeals that the UK deployment of cruise violates both international law and the US Constitution. Representing the women, Anne Simon of the Center for Constitutional Rights (a privately funded collective of radical lawyers) told the court: 'The only time there's going to be more information to evaluate these claims is after those missiles have been launched'.

'The plaintiffs are assuming', said Assistant US Attorney Simpson, 'that the President is going to act illegally. That's speculative'. She described weapons deployment as too complicated for courts to decipher, and stated that in putting missiles elsewhere in the world the President, acting as Commander-in-Chief, couldn't be violating US laws.

Simon responded that since no one can be certain that a President will wait, as required by the US Constitution, for war to be declared by Congress, the Greenham women 'want to remove the opportunity for *illegally starting a nuclear war*'. Conceding that cruise is designed for first-use attack, the Assistant US Attorney insisted that anyone dissatisfied with first-use policy can register their views at election time 'because courts can't change [foreign] policy'. If the missiles weren't suitable for discussion in court, then the plaintiffs shouldn't be there.

The Greenham women, said Simpson, admit 'they couldn't sue in Britain; and they're not permitted to do it in this country'. (UK law makes no provision for a suit against the British government on such an issue as cruise, and the Visiting Forces Act bans suits against the American military). Simon reminded the court: out. And what's more, to the same 'The British can't sue [back home] because it's a monarchy. *Our* Constitution was written precisely to limit monarchical powers' — an American statute does allow foreigners to sue in US courts.

A decision by the US Court of Appeals either to uphold the dismissal of the case by the lower court, or to allow a full hearing, is expected within some six weeks. If the Court finds for the women, the case against the President will be sent back all over again to the New York Federal Court which first threw it judge.

Kier Wickenham

As the US government attorney was leaving the court room, plaintiff Gwyn Kirk blocked her exit. 'I know you're just doing your job, but I'm concerned — ' Kirk began. 'We're all concerned', the lawyer replied, 'and I can't talk to you'. She also refused to answer questions from the press. ●

Over 180 peace and religious groups in the US and Europe have now filed legal papers in support of the Greenham women, including CND and the TUC. Several borough councils have joined the case for the first time: the Cumnock and Doon Valley district council in Scotland, the Ogwr council in Wales, and Hackney borough council.

New moves in acrimonious AAM dispute with City AA

CITY OF LONDON Anti-Apartheid Group have been given an ultimatum by the executive committee of the Anti-Apartheid Movement (AAM). In a letter dated 16 January and signed by AAM chair Bob Hughes MP (Labour, Aberdeen North), the AAM demand that City AA provide 'unambiguous assurances' otherwise the executive committee will recommend to AAM national committee on 23 February that City AA:

> . . . should no longer be recognised as a Local Group of the AAM, on the grounds that it is not functioning as a local AA group, and is therefore clearly working against the interests of the Movement by presenting itself as such a group.'

City AA (see also *NS* 4 January) have been given until 15 February to provide these assurances. The AAM leadership is demanding that City AA confine its membership and its work to the boundaries of the City of London's square mile. This would debar City AA from organising its regular Friday night pickets of the South African embassy, as well as reducing its 175 strong membership to a handful.

Ironically, among those who will apparently consider City AA's expulsion is the AAM joint secretary, one of 22 London members of the Communist party who were suspended from membership last year in the bitter feud that has erupted within the CPGB.

Terry O'Halloran

D-Notice chief taken aback by Lewin leak

A SENIOR DEFENCE ministry official said this week that information revealed by former Chief of Staff Lord Lewin in an on-record interview would be 'damaging to national security' if published. Lewin gave operational details of the Type 2024 'towed sonar array' used by the submarine HMS Conqueror *to detect distant targets in the Falklands war to Arthur Gavshon, author of* The Sinking of the Belgrano, *in June 1984.*

Major-General Patrick Kay, the Secretary of the D-Notice Committee, tells the New Statesman *that the information 'could easily be classified secret' and that it 'could put lives at risk' if it were to be published in full. The D-Notice Committee 'advises' the media on self-censorship of sensitive defence material.*

A part of Lewin's revelations, which are understood to have 'horrified' civil servants and military officers, was published in the Guardian *this week, with the sensitive figures deleted by Gavshon himself, who was concerned that they might be damaging to the national interest. The full transcript of the interview is believed to contain more — and more damaging — information than was published.*

According to defence expert Dr Paul Rogers of the Bradford School of Peace Studies 'there are only two or three references in the literature to such systems, and no public information anywhere about its operation or range.' The information Lewin gave would be of great interest to the Soviet Union, which has recently introduced a similar system on its Victor 3 class submarines.

Maj.-Gen. Kay refuses to say, however, whether in his opinion Lord Lewin had breached the Official Secrets Act. 'I am not responsible for the Official Secrets Act', he says. 'There is no direct relationship between the D-notice system and the Act.'

The discrepancy between the treatment of Lord Lewin and of Clive Ponting, who isn't even accused of risking national security, has infuriated Labour MPs. George Foulkes has asked the Attorney General Sir Michael Havers if he will instruct the DPP to prosecute Lord Lewin for a breach of the Official Secrets Act.

John Rentoul

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UPROAR IN S. AMERICA OVER CHILE PACT STORY

NO WAR broke out in South America last week, following the *New Statesman*'s revelations (25 January) that the British and Chilean governments had operated a secret military pact against Argentina during the Falklands war. But there were heated reactions in both Chile and Argentina.

In Argentina, Foreign Ministry officials accused *New Statesman* writer Duncan Campbell of being a stooge for the British government. The *NS* report, they claimed, was really an official British plot to disrupt the restoration of good

See also Brian Wilson on Antarctica p20

relations between Argentina and Chile. Further offensive flattery came from a quite different quarter — the former foreign minister of the Galtieri military dictatorship, Sr Costa Mendez, who last week praised the *NS* as 'one of Britain's top journals', and Campbell as a 'serious and responsible journalist'.

The Chilean and Argentine governments recently signed a peace treaty, whereby Argentina has abandoned claims to sovereignty over three islands in the Beagle Channel. The treaty is due for ratification in the Argentine Senate in March, and Peronist senators plan to use the disclosure to oppose the treaty. But Argentine commentators expect that the treaty will, nevertheless, successfully pass Senate scrutiny.

In Chile, the Pinochet government wholly denied the *NS* report. News media in Chile can only report such stories by phrasing their reports in terms of detailed government denials.

Pursed lips in UK

In Britain, despite questioning in Parliament by both Neil Kinnock and Labour's shadow minister on Latin America, George Foulkes, all government departments remained silent about the deal. The Ministry of Defence stated that they had supplied Hunter and Canberra aircraft to Chile in 1982, but claimed that they were not gifts, merely the fulfillment of contracts entered into before the war. Therefore the *NS* claims of free arms gifts to Chile 'could be disregarded' — even if not actually denied.

Several journalists who asked for details of the price paid or contract signing dates were told that it was 'not our policy to give details of arms sales', although the Ministry had supplied such details moments before.

The Ministry of Defence later extensively cited the Pinochet government's denial to enquiring journalists. It is not clear whether Ministry representatives intended this oblique reference to be construed as an admission or a denial. But well-informed Whitehall sources are nevertheless understood not to believe that the *NS* has been officially fed government top secrets in order to destabilise South America. ●

Soaring new poverty shown by Newcastle social audit

THE RESIDENTS of Newcastle are £70 million worse off — an average of £700 per household per year — as a result of the Thatcher government's policies, according to a major new report* from the Labour-controlled city council. In what is described as the first ever 'social audit' of a whole city, the report charts the dramatic increases in poverty and inquality that have occured since 1979.

The main losers have been the newly unemployed, retirement and invalidity pensioners who do not get supplementary benefit, and those on below average earnings. Only about 3000 families in very high income brackets have gained due to tax cuts. The quality of life in Newcastle has, according to the report, 'declined significantly, with reductions in some public services, increases in health and family problems associated with higher unemployment and a substantial increase in crime.'

The most startling statistics are those which illustrate the impact of growing unemployment. Since 1979 the number of jobless in the city has almost doubled from 13,000 to 25,000, hitting those under 25 particularly hard. In some parts of the city, the level of male unemployment has reached 40 per cent.

The loss of job opportunities has been acute. In 1974 most young people (75 per cent) were in a job four months after leaving school: in 1983 only a small minority (17 per cent) were in the same position, with most (45 per cent) being on some kind of government scheme and over a quarter being unemployed. In the Northern Region the number of company bankruptcies more than tripled from 110 in 1979 to 361 in 1983.

The solution, according to the city council, is to increase public investment on housing and energy conservation projects in order to create jobs and improve the quality of life, to restore the level of rate support grant to what it was in 1979-80, and to overhaul the tax and benefits system.

Rob Edwards

*Social Audit 1979-84, *Newcastle City Council.*

MISCELLANY

Film over eyes

That latter-day Lord Chamberlain, Customs & Excise ('costumes & excess' to some who know it but do not love it), is now about to put a spoke in the National Film Theatre's wheel. The NFT has on order copies of *Homosexualite a L'Ecran*, by Bertrand Philbert, published last year in Paris by Henri Veyrier as part of a series for the French film buff (other titles: *Fred Astaire*, *Brigitte Bardot*, etc). But Customs ('we have no policy of discrimination against homosexuals') has already moved

against the book. An unsolicited copy, apparently for favour of review, was sent to new *Gay News*, successor magazine to the original *Gay News* of the 1977 'blasphemous libel' trial, but was stopped at Dover parcel post depot by Customs reviewers. *Gay News* has now had a seizure notice. Will the NFT join the ranks of those prepared to do battle with Lord Chamberlain of Dover?

PSI — lanthropic

Meanwhile, Britain's most fascinating publishing house, the Policy Studies Institute, which brought us the report on racism and sexism in the Met (thought it had to be leaked first) and in the DHSS (also leaked, but even now unpublished), has appointed one Donald Derx as its new director. Goody. It's vital that the new chief should resist any tendency on the part of PSI to bend to the wishes of the big civil service departments which are its main clients. Only . . . ah . . . oh. Derx retired last November from the Department of Employment. He was deputy secretary in charge of the government's trade union legislation. And research into unemployment is PSI's biggest single field of study. Well, no doubt Derx always had his private reservations about the government's theories about trades unions being the precipitators of unemployment.

Academic overture

Margaret's comeuppance over her hon. doctorate at Oxford — no doubt she'll one day make Bernard Ingham the Regius Professor of something or other in diabolical revenge; or even, shifting him from unholy to holy orders, Dean of Christchurch — is an improved retread of the 1983 to-do about her honorary fellowship of the Royal Society. Then too there was a strong groundswell of resistance, some feeling that she'd never done anything in her life to deserve the honour. The Society's rules have since been changed so that Fellowships can only go to those who have contributed to science. That has the happy effect of cutting out Keith Joseph as well, and is altogether one of the progressive results of Thatcher's rule. Anyway, the RS fellowship was in the end pushed through by then president Sir Andrew Huxley, the same who on Mrs T's recommendation was made Master of Trinity, Cambridge, last October. Oxford is plainly in better fettle than Cambridge, and not only at Henley.

Star wars

What with loyal Party members at the Morning Star *getting beaten up, locked in lifts and otherwise disposed of, whole new areas of skulduggery seem to be opening up where once the nuance put on the word 'Comrade' was the only measure of hostile intent. Colin Chambers, the pro-Party leadership* Morning Star *books editor, is the latest victim. He has recently, needless to say, been made redundant, and on the eve of his departure wrote a stack of letters to publishers and reviewers thanking them for their support for the paper over the years. The stack was seized by pro-*Star *journalist Andrew Murray who delivered them to editor Tony Chater who, confronted by an enraged secretary, passed them onto the paper's business manager Mary Rosser. Their fate is unknown.*

Ana Gram locos (14)

Isn't it sweet — Nicholas Ridley, Min of Tran, anagramaticises into 'Nice hilly roads', as Paul Berill (? — *signature not quite legible*) of Putney and John O'Byrne of Dublin, not to mention other geniuses, point out. Paul adds 'So I lynched rail', as does Peter Walker (no, no, not he! — this one's of Dublin), and Richard Morris of Coventry (who adds 'back to the *Gradniau* crossword now'). You were firing on all cylinders with Riddles. Gerard Morris of Teddington excoriates Ridley with 'Idly chosen liar', which is unParliamentary, and we withdraw it immediately, on instructions from Gloss, Construction & Calumny, of Lincolns Inn. Les Leeds of Chesham Bois has also ruminated on young Nicholas's labours for Mrs T and calls him an 'Iron lady chisel'. Christian Wolmar ('I'm not quite sure why I do this since there's no prize') has Ridley in the transept rather than the transport with 'Silly choir dean'. How would you like to sink your sharp teeth next into Norman Fowler?

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TOP EXECS RUSH TO LAP UP TAX-FREE INCOME

NEARLY 1,000 companies have applied to the Inland Revenue to boost executives' income using tax-free share option schemes legislated for in August last year. The new law in effect more than doubles the take-home value of share options — complicated perks linked to an employer company's Stock Exchange performance. One scheme which came into operation only last week is newly-privatised British Telecom's, whose chair Sir George Jefferson has just received a 90 per cent pay rise to £160,000 a year (*NS* 25 January).

We tabulate (*right*) a tentative 'Top Ten' of existing potential beneficiaries. The underlying story is that changes in the 1984 Finance Act exempted employee options gains from income tax (they were previously a taxable 'benefit'), provided the share option scheme has Inland Revenue approval.

This is crucially valuable to most executives, because most pay income tax at the top rate of 60 per cent (which applies in practice to income over about £50,000). So instead of getting only 40 per cent of their profit from options, executives will now be able to 'take home' 100 per cent, or two-and-a-half times as much.

A share option scheme grants the right to buy shares *later on* at the *present* price. Thus (putting up no money) executives take out options to buy their company's shares at a later date, and cash in on the difference when they buy shares at the old price and sell them again at the new higher one in a simultaneous operation on the Stock Exchange.

NEW NS FEATURE

Executives gain nothing if the share price of their employer company doesn't rise, which provides the political justification: 'reward' for 'success', no 'reward' without 'success' (as measured by Stock Market performance). But they can make huge gains, as was shown in the recent furore over Sir Michael Edwarde's ultimately abandoned entitlements on moving to Dunlop.

Under the Finance Act 1984 profit is tax free on options on shares valued at not more than four times the executive's salary at the time the options are granted, and provided the options to buy are exercised not less than 3 years or more than 10 years after the date of the grant.

The *New Statesman* feels readers might like to monitor the workings of this scheme through our explorations of published accounts. In a society where the pop industry is as well-geared as old-style Hollywood to enormous personal gain — and where the same trend is occurring in all sports — it isn't clear even in Labour's natural electorate just where distaste for great personal reward ends and admiration begins.

But we can note that the notional options gains of John Harvey-Jones, chair of ICI (*table*) would under the new legislation equal some £1.2 million in taxable salary. And the 1984 Finance Act change was brought in with a fanfare of rhetoric about giving employees an interest in their company, and creating a 'nation of shareholders'.

Treasury Minister John Moore plaintively ticked off the Institute of Directors in December: 'I should remind you that the new approved share option schemes need not benefit only executives or the highest-paid staff. . . companies can use these schemes to benefit all or any of their workforce — not directors or executives only'.

Share option schemes have a masking effect, in that they don't increase the 'public' salary figure for the top-paid employee which companies are obliged by law to publish in their accounts, and are too complicated for the casual observer to work out. Companies are not obliged to publish the gains made when share options are cashed in.

John Rentoul

Politics of envy scoreboard

'Key employees' Share Option Schemes

	Director	Company	Notional share option gain *(as of 24 Jan 1985)*	Salary *(increase over previous year)*
1.	**John Harvey-Jones**	*ICI, chair*	**£486,950**	£170,000 (newly appointed)
2.	**Sir Nigel Broackes**	*Trafalgar House, chair*	**£423,342**	£105,000 (+5%)[A]
3.	**Dick Giordano**	*BOC, chair*	**£380,000**	£771,600 (+48%)
4.	**Brian Smith**	*ICI, director*	**£326,860**	between £110,000 and £170,000
5.	**Eric Parker**	*Trafalgar House, chief executive*	**£326,527**	£135,000 (+29%)
6.	**Derek Alun-Jones**	*Ferranti, managing director*	**£281,515**	£84,000 (+17%)
7.	**Sir Ernest Harrison**	*Racal, chair and chief executive*	**£220,856[B]**	£152,117 (+10%)
8.	**Leslie Carpenter**	*Reed, chief executive*	**£220,103**	£129,058 (+25%)
9.	**Sir George Jefferson**	*British Telecom, chair*	**£148,571**	£160,000 (+90%)
10.	**Tiny Rowland**	*Lonrho, managing director and chief executive*	**£79,250**	£264,554 (no change)[C]

The potential gain from share options is calculated, except in the case of Racal (note B), using the share price as of 24 January 1985 before the stock market's recent slide. Directors will only cash in their options when the market is high. All information is based on most recent annual accounts. Some directors may have exercised some or all of their options since the date of those accounts. The 'gain' figure is notional because in many company schemes directors' options cannot be exercised for as much as five years.

Notes: A Plus share dividends of £404,107. **B** Racal's share price dropped by a quarter on news of problems with US subsidiary Racal-Vadic. We have used the price as at 22 January on the assumption that it will recover. **C** Plus share dividends of £5.7 million. A full version of this table listing the number of options, their price and the dates on which options are exerciseable is available from the *New Statesman* office for £10.

New attacks on endemic heterosexism of schools

THE TACIT connivance of schools in heterosexism, even where local authorities and individual schools are developing equal opportunities policies to combat racism and sexism, is receiving two fresh challenges — from within the NUT, and from the Advisory Centre for Education. BARRY HUGILL reports

AT the National Union of Teachers (NUT) annual conference in Scarborough this Easter a debate is now foreçast on a motion that would instruct the executive to 'promote constructive and positive attitudes to homosexuality in schools'.

The move follows resolutions passed by several NUT associations protesting against anti-gay discrimination, and comes two years after the uproar at the NUT's Jersey conference of 1983, when 'out' gay teachers' efforts to have the subject debated were defeated, and received massively hostile coverage in the populars. Ironically, Scarborough, which refused conventional civic hospitality to a proposed Campaign for Homosexual Equality conference in the 1970s, is still on the 'black list' of gay organisations.

Meanwhile, this week sees publication of an information sheet about lesbian and gay students and teachers prepared by the Advisory Centre for Education (ACE), the non-governmental education watchdog, which was set up 15 years ago and aims to represent the users of the education service. ACE claims that even the most forward-looking authorities and schools ignore blatant discrimination against and harassment of lesbian and gay students.

Sexual non-persons

The author of the information sheet, Annie Hedges, says that the majority of schools refuse to accept that homosexuality exists. It's hardly ever mentioned in lessons, and schools make no effort to recognise the specific needs of young lesbians and gay men. Yet, she says, the education system has a responsibility to take into account that there are many homosexuals in every school — with a possible frequency of one in 10.

A survey carried out last year by the London Gay Teenage Group (*Something to Tell You*) revealed the extent of the problems facing young gay people. One in five of those questioned had attempted suicide because they were lesbian or gay, one in five had been beaten up by other school students; one in two recounted problems at school because of their sexuality; and only one in 38 said that homosexuality was mentioned in sex education lessons at school.

The distress caused to so many young people through ignorance and prejudice makes action essential, says Ms Hedges. She's calling on schools to examine their curriculum for examples of both overt and hidden bias, and to radically alter the pastoral care system, so that gay pupils are not told by unsympathetic teachers that their homosexuality is either a 'passing phase and nothing to worry about' or, even worse, 'perhaps you should have a chat with your doctor'.

ACE are urging all schools to adopt a three point programme:

- Full support from the head, and staff, for all students, and teachers, who identify themselves as gay;
- A curriculum that presents a positive and authentic image of lesbians and gay men, e.g. fiction should be available which presents gay characters as active and equal protagonists;
- A school environment in which all young people have an equal opportunity to develop an awareness of themselves and their sexuality. ●

Gay Students at School is available from ACE, 18 Victoria Park Square, London E2 9PB. Price 50p, discount for bulk orders.

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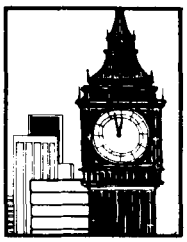

HUGH STEPHENSON

There are better ways to catch a cat . . .

ROY HATTERSLEY stands out a mile from his colleagues for the energy with which he is handling his shadow portfolio. The desperate need after 1983 was to break open the debates about policy on the Left. His series of major speeches during 1984 has done just that.

His critique of the intellectual bankruptcy and practical disaster of this government's economic policy — based on its eager willingness to sacrifice the real economy on the altar of monetary targets — needs no underlining in a week when Chancellor Lawson has been hit for a third time by a major sterling crisis. So it is reluctantly that I am forced to say the new Hattersley wheeze for providing the next Labour government with the wherewithal to finance its great new investment programme is in its full form a piece of batty dirigism.

The Hattersley plan — delivered to Teeside Fabians in Middlesbrough last month — is on the face of it fiendishly simple. Since Sir Geoffrey Howe abolished exchange controls in October 1979, investment institutions have invested some £25 billion abroad in securities and property. If they could be made or induced to repatriate this money, and could then be made or induced to lend it to Labour's new National Investment Bank, the problem of finding the money would be solved. At one stroke of a Finance Act, the first Hattersley budget would remove all the fiscal concessions which pension funds, life and general assurance funds, charities, investment trusts, unit trusts and individual investors enjoy — unless they limited their overseas holdings to a percentage, say five, set by the government and invested another set percentage in NIB stock, which would in effect be a new gilt-edged stock, guaranteed by the Bank of England. Since, unless they behaved in this way, they would have lost virtually every charitable or fiscal concession on which they currently depend, the institutions would suddenly find that their UK investment in NIB stock was showing a higher return than their overseas investment.

(Let us leave aside here the boring practical political question of how a Labour Party, which last time round found it impossible even to abolish the charitable status of private schools (where virtually none of those involved vote Labour), proposes to sell this policy involving institutions (many of them mutuals or co-ops) in which millions of Labour voters have invested their life savings, or from which they expect their pensions. The Tory/City campaign ('who's out to grab your savings?') would be a doddle, even compared to the last one before 1979 against the *proposal to nationalise banks and insurance* companies.)

THERE IS NO question of the need for State intervention in the financial system to provide and stimulate long-term investment. The Hattersley problem is a real problem and one that is getting worse, Thatcher year by Thatcher year. But let us first try to dispose of the fallacies that mar his proposed solution.

The central fallacy is the notion that exchange control has any significant direct effect on job creation. Without exchange controls, it is said, investment funds pour out of Britain into jobs abroad instead of into investment, creating jobs at home. The first fallacy is that the overwhelming bulk of institutional savings don't go into new jobs *anywhere*. It goes into British and foreign government debt, into secondary stock markets to buy existing shares and into property. The second fallacy is that money does not pour out of the country — an emotive image of a torrent of unpatriotic pound notes voting with their feet. What happens is that a fund manager buys, say, dollars off someone who is willing to sell and hands over sterling instead. The sterling stays here. If there are more people who want to buy dollars than want to buy sterling, the price of the dollar goes up — in other words, sterling's exchange rate against the dollar falls.

There are two key points here. The first is that the only effective function of exchange controls (and the Hattersley 'forced loan' scheme would be a *de facto* exchange control) is to influence the *rate of exchange*. This was operationally important for the quarter century after the war, when we were all on fixed exchange rates, because the Bank of England was obliged to use its limited gold and dollar reserves to prop up the pound in the foreign exchange market. It is not operationally important now; first, because central banks do not consistently intervene in the same way under 'floating' exchange rates and, second, because the foreign exchange markets are now overwhelmingly dominated in the short term by purely 'speculative' buying and selling, quite unrelated to actual current or capital investment transactions.

The second key point is that exchange controls are irrelevant to *decisions* about investment and job creation. No serious industrialist has ever claimed that exchange controls prevented an overseas direct investment project. A decision whether to invest directly overseas is taken on the basis of an obvious and wide range of criteria. The question of how a project judged viable is then financed is of the second order. Even without exchange controls, in a world of floating rates most overseas direct investment is now financed by borrowing or raising capital in the country concerned — so as to cut out the danger of the balance between the value of the debt and the asset going wrong.

As a footnote to the fallacy list, Roy Hattersley cannot get away with the conjuring trick of making a £20 billion plus forced loan to the NIB appear to be something other than government borrowing. He is quite right to assume that institutional investors are not competent themselves to get involved in taking long-term industrial and entrepreneurial decisions 'in the national interest'. So their funds must be channelled into the kind of investment that the nation needs via public sector investment banks and other institutions.

But, when they borrow from institutional investors, these bodies will get in return a security that will in practice be indistinguishable from the rest of the government's debt. There is nothing to be ashamed of in this. A future Labour government, after all, will presumably be 'far more rational about the Public Sector Borrowing Requirement than the Conservatives have been' (R. Hattersley, Middlesbrough, January 1985): that is it will see nothing to be ashamed of in borrowing to finance worthwhile long-term capital investment. It is after all what the private sector does. For example, corner grocers like J. Sainsbury, who borrowed to expand, did quite well; corner grocers like A. Roberts of Grantham, Lincolnshire — *pace* the Prime Minister's admiration of 'Victorian values' — did not and went bust.

THE REQUIREMENT, therefore, is to borrow substantial sums from institutional investors with which to finance NIB and NIB-like activities. There is no need for a future Labour government to set up massively draconian exchange control schemes in order to borrow the kind of money that it would be practical to spend in, say, the first five years. There sometimes seems to be a problem, because the gilt-edge market is, in a technical sense, extremely 'inefficient'; that is to say at one price the government is often unable to sell any gilts at all, but a day later at a price only a fraction higher the government broker can sell £1 billion by the mid-morning coffee break. In the end, though, institutional investors take up everything that the government offers. They have to because they and the government *are* the market. Getting them to swallow a large extra line of 'special' NIB stock would be just another technical 'marketing' exercise.

Last year's 'selling' of British Telecom was a good indication of what can be done when people are trying. There remains, of course, the question of what the NIB would do with the money — in other words what specifically *socialist* investment banking should consist of. But that, as they say, is another subject. □

Peter Kellner is on holiday.

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OUT-OF-SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

Children often work long hours in dangerous jobs for unrealistic wages. They underpin the labour market, report Richard Belfield and Su Carroll

LEE IS 15. He has two jobs. He gets up at 5.30 every morning to deliver milk. In the evenings he unloads trawlers. In between he goes to school. In a good week he will earn £30. Lee is not that unusual: one tenth of the two and a half million children working in Britain today have two jobs on top of their school work.

There are two contradictory images of child labour. One is part of our heritage from the 19th century when the drive to industrialise pulled in first pauper children, then any children available to work with dexterity, with submissiveness and for a rate that few adults would tolerate. Such abuse of children came to seem intolerable, to reformers, to educationalists and to the unions which could not lift adult rates of pay when children would work for a pittance. Today, accounts of child labour in Asia still have the power to cause us outrage.

The other view was paraded by Keith Waterhouse, one-time champion of the underprivileged, in his column in the *Daily Mirror* last Monday. He cites approvingly a letter to *The Times* on the Low Pay Unit's report on child labour* from Digby Anderson, director of the Social Affairs Unit:

> He sees the fact that two and half million schoolchildren are holding down part-time jobs as good news — good for the economy, good for the customer and above all, good for the pint-sized entrepreneurs themselves....
> Of course children are a source of cheap labour. That is as it should be. What spoiled little brats they would be if they were a source of expensive labour.

Across Keith Waterhouse's crusty and nostalgic vision floats an army of urchins who are kept out of mischief on Sunday mornings by washing down the neighbour's car, who sacrifice an idle half hour in bed in the morning by delivering newspapers, or otherwise busy themselves 'with a spot of errand running or other chores; preferably for the local nunnery (sic).'

It's a nice, homely image and who could object to it? But it's more to do with a sentimental view of childhood than any reality. Children today, in increasing numbers, are working on building sites, in factories, sweatshops and bakeries, in abattoirs, garages, pubs and hotels. They clean hospitals, process vegetables and make furniture.

Their pay is low. The Low Pay Unit survey found that most children earn £1 an hour or less, with one in ten earning less than 50p an hour. It is also unprotected. Though there is a bewildering array of legislative small print, the basic law is clear. With a few exceptions, no child under 13 can do paid work at all. No child under 16 may work in a factory. Up to 16, children can do other paid work for two hours a day between 7am and 7pm on a school day. For this, they must get a permit from the local education department, which is only given if the child passes a medical exam and the work and hours are suitable. It also guarantees that the child is insured against accident or death.

The law is not enforced. Four out of five children who work are breaking the law; they may be doing jobs which are prohibited as too dangerous, or too taxing for immature bodies, for excessive hours. These 'unsuitable' jobs are not the exception but the rule.

Kate Polak

Forget the image of child labour which conjures up scenes of happy kids running errands

BRIXHAM IN Devon is one of Britain's few thriving ports, landing £7 million worth of fish last year. They have been trawling here for 900 years and employing boys to unload and crew is traditional. The boys rush down to the dock after school and wait for the fleet to come in. They start as young as 10 and can get paid in kind with fish which they sell on the quayside. The older boys — 13 upwards — work in pairs unloading fish. One boy stands in the hold, thigh deep in sprats, and fills the basket. His mate stands on deck and guides the basket on to the quayside. For this they get about £5 a night, £10 if they work till late. It is tiring work and some catch up on sleep at school.

During the school holidays 15-year-old boys work on trawlers, though the Merchant Shipping Act makes it unlawful to employ people until they are 18 years old. They are soon seduced by pay packets of £150 a week. Come term time they can be disruptive, with

**Working children*. £1.50 from the LPU, 9 Upper Berkeley St, London W1H 8BY.

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one recent case of a boy assaulting a teacher on his first day back so he would be suspended and could go back to sea.

Brixham is only one of many places where child labour is regarded as part of a long, local economic tradition. But if child labour has remained constant little else in the economy has. Compulsory education and a system of tax and social security and national insurance are among the features of a contemporary economy which assumes child labour is no more than token, errands run for pocket money.

In East Anglia, too, child labour is taken for granted. Agricultural employment dominates the local economy, but this means food processing rather than field labour. The first stage is organised by gangmasters who recruit and deliver the labour to deal with whatever crop is in season. From July to February it is carrots, and in sheds owned by the gangmasters, they are topped with a 10" blade before being delivered to the big food companies like Lockwood, Smedley and Bird's Eye.

During the day, the work is done mostly by women, from 10am until 3pm. Children soon learn about it, going to the shed during holidays and often graduating to the evening shift during term time. The coach which drops the mothers off in the afternoon will pick up their children to work the shift from 5 till 7, 8 or later. Children start as young as nine earning, like their parents, 15p for 56 pounds of carrots. The nimble fingered can earn about 70p an hour.

Local parents favour the system. They know where their children are, it keeps them out of mischief, and even if the child's wages do not go straight into the family kitty it takes financial pressure off the family. For a family where the dole or carrot-topping wages are the only income, a child's £8 is a significant amount of money. Not surprisingly, the gangmasters also favour the system. Working in the sheds is no more dangerous than helping in the kitchen, they argue, and if the child has a pound or two in its pockets it is less likely to rob gas meters. And it pleases the local traders, especially the owners of clothes and record shops where children spend most of their money.

It is a benign and consoling view of an industry which pays notoriously low wages and which is dependent on illegal child labour to get its annual 26,000 tons of carrots processed cheaply.

THE ROMANS regarded East Anglia as ungovernable; as they moved to control the inhabitants, the fen people would disappear into the mists, slipping across the marshes on stilts — a skill the Romans never mastered. The modern factory inspector, his time depleted by government cuts, has little better luck. A rare raid may well find an empty shed as the child workers slip home across the now-drained land.

Enforcement of the law, however, is the responsibility of several agencies, including education authorities. Five years ago, Cumbria Education Authority decided to act. They carried out a survey of several schools which put the child work force in the county at between 7,000 and 10,000. Their jobs ranged from the innocuous to the highly demanding; two children worked from 11.30 pm to 5 am loading live chickens onto lorries. On average they each shifted 19,000 chickens a week — for which they were paid £25. Many children had been injured by their (usually illegal) work, some seriously. One child had been killed while delivering milk.

Their internal report also pointed to the connection between poor attendance at school and illegal work. The Chief Education Officer argued it was their responsibility to take on extra education welfare officers to stop children from being exploited. But Cumbria too is an agricultural county and few in authority had any enthusiasm for ending child labour on farms. No extra staff were taken on, and child labour has sunk back down the list of the Education Authority's priorities. This year, it has issued only 352 work permits for children. The remaining 6,500 remain working illegally and without insurance.

Despite its local conditions, the situation in Cumbria was not untypical. The most recent government report, *Work Out of School* published by the DHSS in 1972, showed that children with paid jobs tended to be less able and industrious at school and less well behaved. They were more likely to truant and turn up late. This pattern was found in children of all classes and social backgrounds, though as more children from poor families needed to work, a higher proportion of working-class children would suffer educationally.

While the DHSS report was still fresh, Parliament passed the 1973 Employment of Children Act. It gave the Secretary of State the right to tighten up the law to afford children more protection if necessary. No Secretary of State has ever made use of it. After the Act was passed, the DHSS sent out draft proposals to local authorities. They met strong opposition. The Association of Metropolitan Authority Education Committees objected, saying it would not be easy to recruit specialist education officers who would have to work the same hours as the children — early mornings, late evenings and weekends. After further negotiation the DHSS dropped their proposals. They had another go in 1977 but this time the Association of County Councils said they did not have the resources to implement the regulations. They would do so if the DHSS provided the money. The DHSS refused and the issue was dropped.

IT SHOULD not be surprising that this government is not enthusiastic about enforcing the law on child labour. (It prefers to believe that if children fall asleep in class it can only be because they sit up all night watching video nasties.) In fact, it is an explicit central plank of the government's economic policy to remove any barriers to the employment of the cheapest, weakest labour available.

In 1983 it let lapse the Fair Wages Resolution, a regulation which had been passed annually since 1891 stipulating that government contractors must pay their employees public sector rates of pay and benefits. It would also like to abolish the Wages Councils which set minimum wage rates in the traditional 'sweated labour' industries.

Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge, one of Britain's most prestigious teaching hospitals, is cleaned by Office Cleaning Services (OCS). When OCS took over the cleaning contract last year it halved the cleaners' hours. The cleaners went on strike, and OCS replaced them. Among their new recruits were four school-age children. After a row with NUPE, OCS sacked the four, saying they were not employers of under-age labour. But on the other side of Cambridge, where OCS had a contract to clean the Pye Unichem factory, OCS was again illegally employing under-age labour, though the children had stated their ages openly on the application forms.

Yet even if OCS were to act as a model employer, it would be hard for it to get contracts and maintain standards when the general thrust is towards creating a pool of casual, vulnerable labour working for pocket money. A year ago the health union leaders had a meeting with DHSS minister Norman Fowler. Was there not a pay level in the health service which was so low as to be immoral asked NUPE leader Rodney Bickerstaffe? No, replied Mr Fowler simply.

There seem to be few bodies now who care about the abuse of child labour. It is convenient to too many people — as it was in the 19th century. The labour is still hazardous. The Low Pay Unit estimated that this year 59,000 children will receive injuries at work serious enough to take to a doctor. There are no figures on children injured, or killed, at work. While the death certificates of adults are marked by the coroner for the occupational death statistics, there is no such marking for children, but they die all the same. Fleet Street is unlikely to champion the cause wholeheartedly: 700,000 children deliver their newpapers. But those children are vulnerable to some of the most serious assaults and accidents on the road.

When Alf Dubs, Labour MP for Battersea, recently asked a parliamentary question about the number of prosecutions for health and safety violations he found the Health and Safety Executive had prosecuted only three firms in 1983 (compared with nine in 1979). With regular visits from the factory inspectorate cut from every two years to every four, Britain's child employers have never had it so good. □

Richard Belfield produced the film Clocking On *on which Su Carroll was the reporter. It was broadcast on BBC2 on 16 January.*

New Statesman

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MIGHT OF STUDENT RIGHT

Though an NOP poll two weeks ago has shown the Alliance to be the most popular party among university professors and lecturers, the far Right is actively recruiting among their students. Richard Furlong and Marjory Gillies report from Cambridge, and Ian Sutherland from Glasgow

'APARTHEID O.K., Apartheid U.K.' screamed the poster from the stall of Cambridge's University Right. There were no demonstrations in response; no NUS campaigns against the organisers — such views are not so remarkable in Cambridge.

The poster was on view at the annual societies fair, the occasion when student clubs and organisations endeavour to entice unwary first years into their ranks. Normally the event takes place in a spirit of friendly rivalry, but in this instance Student Union officials were so incensed by the action of members of the Right that they called in the University proctors. With the offending poster removed other corners of the hall still bore tribute to right-wing thought: the slogan 'IRA murders — plug 'em in' superimposed on the image of an electric chair, and stickers announcing 'KGB approved' affixed indiscriminately to Labour Party leaflets and CND advertisements.

The poster at the societies' fair was meticulously denounced as 'morally contemptible' by the leaders of University Right, a new group in Cambridge with its image to protect. That image is singularly difficult to define. Founded last October, University Right is part of a three-tiered initiative from a group of right-wing Cambridge students. They also set up a glossy magazine of right-wing thought, the *Liberator*, and the 'Libertarians', a social group for friends and political sympathisers.

The leaders of University Right are Tories,

Bright Tories

Despite libertarian reservations about party political activity, libertarian ideas are spreading among the younger, brighter members of the Conservative Party, and especially among the Federation of Conservative Students.

Liberator, 1984

but not of the 'old school'. They term themselves 'libertarians' and claim their descent from the 17th century human rights of the fledgling capitalism: 'Life, Liberty and Justly Acquired Property'. They reject 'collectivism and coercion', viewing capitalism as the only morally justifiable socio-economic system (while presumably being blind to the collectivism and coercion which capitalism has needed to function). The welfare state is, also in their view, a 'gigantic confidence trick'.

As the mouthpiece of the Right the *Liberator* is a combination of eclectic views covering a wide range of topical issues interspersing its fundamentalist anti-State 'libertarianism' with, for instance, articles condoning South African apartheid. Among their advertisers are Forest, the right-wing lobby for 'smokers' rights' backed by the tobacco industry, and Mrs Thatcher's paragon Sir Clive Sinclair.

The conflict between their support for right-wing states and their professed libertarianism is present in every issue. In one, a leading article defends the new South African constitution and urges readers to see the country as 'a valued and honourable partner'. Writing in the next, editor Andrew Fox claims: 'It is the concept of a tribally-based federation of states which offers the true solution' to South Africa's problems. In the editorial column of the same issue, however, the other editor, Rory Maw, emphasises that libertarians are 'internationalists, supporting free migration across borders.'

The line between racism and libertarianism is often ill-defined in the publication. The racists inside University Right are a minority, but especially vocal. Links with the South African Embassy have been closely established, however, and Fox is a personal friend of the South African ambassador. Links with respectable (though not 'wet') Tories are also carefully maintained: Cecil Parkinson, Sir Clive Sinclair and Dr Madsen Pirie of the Adam Smith Institute have all written for the

WHEN BLUE MEETS ORANGE

INCREASING CONCERN is being expressed on Clydeside at the influence and activities of the recently formed 'Conservative Friends of Northern Ireland' (CFNI) which is based in Glasgow and has just published issue no 3 of its journal *Unionist*.

Although the magazine claims that 'several leading supporters' are Roman Catholics, the advertisement pages contain invitations to readers to join a local Orange Band in one of Glasgow's strongly Protestant peripheral housing schemes. *Unionist* also carries ads offering for sale — from CFNI HQ — pamphlets produced by the South African backed UNITA guerrillas in Angola. Other advertisers include the Adam Smith Institute, the Tory Selsdon Group (both full page) and the Conservative Friends of the Free Ukraine. *Unionist* also features an offer few peace loving democrats will be able to resist — for £7.70 a month, you can sponsor an anti-communist guerrilla in Cambodia (sponsors will receive a thank you letter and a photograph of the sponsored fighter!).

While, inevitably, many will treat the emergence of CFNI and *Unionist* as a joke, the paper is being sold in large numbers at Protestant football matches in Scotland along with National Front papers *Spearhead* and *Bulldog* and the rabidly anti-Catholic *Protestant Telegraph*. These activities come at a time when Tory students at Strathclyde University are campaigning viciously against homosexual men and women (they have recently founded a 'Heterosexual Society') and when the Federation of Conservative Students at Edinburgh University have published a poster showing a seller of *Militant* being punched on the nose, with the caption 'Take that, you damned TROT'. Three members of the FCS — Marc-Henri Glendening, David Hoile and Mark Dingwall — are listed as the founders of CFNI in *Unionist* magazine.

The second issue of *Unionist* was circulating in Orange working-class areas of Glasgow during the district council elections in May 1984. These are areas which returned councillors from the anti-Catholic and anti-Semitic Protestant Party in the 1930s. Glasgow District Council is now considering refusing to allow the 1985 Orange Walk to use the city's Queen's Park in July, following a near riot by drunken Loyalists at last year's rally. Supermarkets, small shops and private homes were attacked — giving rise to a current Clydeside joke that the marchers obviously thought that Fine Fare was an Irish political party. The council has received a petition from over 8,000 local residents, demanding that the Walk be routed away from their homes and businesses this year.

Loyalists have also attacked Republican marches in various parts of Glasgow during 1985, damaging shops and buses. The Labour controlled Strathclyde Regional Council had reacted by banning *Republican* marches — a move that has led to a storm of protest by local Labour parties and the Scottish civil liberties lobby. Labour councillors have also faced demands for investigations into the role of 'Lodge Strathpol' — alleged to be a right-wing Masonic institution to which most senior Strathclyde police officers belong.

Many observers feel that the 1985 'marching season' in the west of Scotland will lead to serious sectarian clashes — largely instituted by Loyalist militants — and the alleged discrimination, on police advice, by local authorities against Republican demonstrators will lead to considerable anger within the Scottish labour movement this year. □

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magazine. Margaret Thatcher sent the publication her best wishes and a letter of encouragement, a move heavily criticised in the local press.

The *Liberator* also shares an affinity with the national publication *Campus*, a student magazine whose sale has been banned by many student unions for its racist and sexist content. Aiming to be offensive to the Left, the magazine

Pet Projects

Worse still, many student unions have so-called "campaign" budgets and use these to sent left-wing extremists to political demonstrations. In 1980, at Manchester University, £21000 was spent on such campaigns, including sending 15 women to picket a gaol in support of IRA terrorists in Armargh; at Essex University last year over £2500 was spent on sending coaches to anti-police marches and to Greenham Common.

More recently, substantial aid has been given to the striking miners - donations of over £500, free accomodation and food, printing facilities, coaches and minibuses plus full-time paid student organisers - all courtesy of the taxpayer.

It is the student-sabbatical system most clearly in need of radical reform.

Liberator, 1984

contains suggestions such as 'Experimental spraying of socialist demos and rallies with special sterilising liquid', and 'deportation of any trouble-making rastafarians to sunny Ethiopia', under the headline 'Shoot the lot'. From the inception of University Right, *Campus* backed it as a laudable alternative to the official Conservative Association. *Campus* also gave prominence to the unofficial Conservative Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, whose executive committee includes Fox, a member of the Coalition for Peace through Security.

In comparison the 'Libertarians', the social group of the far Right, appears less offensive. Existing to promote social events, like election celebrations, it also serves to promote a network of right-wing Toryism. Their last gathering was attended by several Members of the European Parliament, MPs, Sinclair, Pirie and Mr and Mrs Cecil Parkinson. Harry Phibbs, former Chairperson of Westminster Young Conservatives, arrested in Moscow for

This new dispensation is often criticised because of the misconception, which many people have, that the so-called "Black Majority" has no political rights in South Africa. The South African authorities recognise the legitimate aspirations of the various nations in the country to independence and sovereignty over their own affairs. In 1959 the South African Government passed the "Promotion of Black Self-Government Act" which provided for the recognition of different Black areas National States for all the members of the principal Black nations, the development of the territorial (central) legislative institutions of each National State towards self-government, and the appointment of a Commissioner-General for each one. The "National States Constitution Act" in 1971 provided for the replacement of territorial authority by a legislative assembly with an executive council and Chief Minister. It also gave the Prime Minister the power to declare a self-governing National State on the request of such a legislative council. Once granted, a National State's democratically elected government could ask for independence. Four such National States have done so: Transkei, Venda, Bophuthatswana and Ciskei.

Liberator, 1984

'distributing pro-war leaflets', was also present, chatting amiably about his 'Cruise Out — Launch it Now' T-shirt.

The emergence of a 'libertarian' faction in Cambridge stems in large part from disillusion with the University Conservative Association

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(CUCA). In traditional Tory style, the Association has functioned as a breeding ground for future Tory MPs where socialising is given a greater premium than dedicated campaigning and canvassing for the Party Cause. Attempts by 'Libertarians' to infiltrate CUCA have so far proved unsuccessful, although in the last election for Chairman the 'Libertarian' candidate won almost 40 per cent of the votes cast.

It may prove one of the last redoubts against the continuing surge of this generation of the far Right. The Federation of Conservative Students (FCS) is now led by the far Right. The moderate wing was ousted last Easter when Chris Davies, described by an FCS spokesman as 'a lackey of the Marxist NUS', left to form his own Conservative Student Unionists. He was replaced by Marc-Henri Glendening who started his career as the youngest-ever agent for a Liberal candidate, was converted to Conservatism at Warwick University, and is now a researcher for the far Right Tory MP Edward Leigh.

It was under his aegis that FCS adopted their vehement anti-NUS stance which took its most violent form at the national NUS Conference in November. Shouting 'Red fascist scum' at delegates and demanding the conference be conducted in Welsh were tactics employed to cause maximum disruption.

Glendening has written for the *Liberator*, and is a personal friend of the leaders of University Right. He described their aims as 'commendable', adding that they were 'spreading Conservative ideas'. Criticising the Conservative Association, Glendening quoted an advertisement which urged: 'Whatever your politics, join CUCA'. University Right is more selective in its membership; representatives interview and inquire about applicants to join, and turn down leftist elements.

Their opposition to the Left is intense. University Right members have boasted that a Special Branch Detective Superintendent, acting on their tip-off, is taking 'a keen interest in the activities of certain members of University Left.' The Left alleges that its mail has been opened and at least one phone tapped by officers of the secret services.

The University Right proclaim that 'Extremism in the defence of liberty is no vice — moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue'. In theory, the politics of today's Right are less explicitly racist and patriarchal than the old Right's. Many of their supporters, however, are not 'libertarians'. One founder member of University Right, Barry Ayliffe, faces expulsion from the extremist Monday Club for views expressed on immigration in a Union Society debate last term. In the speech, he suggested that immigrants from the New Commonwealth and Pakistan were aesthetically unpleasant.

Cambridge, traditionally the home of Conservatism's 'wettest' student adherents, now harbours a number of the growing ranks of students for whom Conservatism in its present form is inadequate. Cambridge 'libertarians', seemingly unable to resolve their racial contradictions, are coming increasingly to be identified with elements of fascist ideology. Considering the number of cabinet ministers who make their way to Whitehall via Oxbridge, this must have serious implications for the future of the party. □

MEDICINE

DOCTORS' DILEMMA

James Le Fanu criticises the government's proposals for cutting down on the NHS drug bill and finds that it was given bad advice

LAST NOVEMBER's decision by Secretary of State Norman Fowler to introduce a restricted list of drugs available on the NHS appeared at first sight to be an ingenious solution to the Treasury's most recent demand for a reduction in DHSS spending. Instead of a politically damaging further round of cuts in the Health Services, the list would save £160 million at virtually no political cost. The opposition could scarcely object — they had been complaining for years about excess drug company profits and prescription happy doctors. It would please the supporters of the NHS and might even benefit private medicine. The minister found he could satisfy the Treasury while meeting opposition demands. A felicitous state of affairs.

Recently, however, he might be forgiven for feeling a bit queasy. The predictable squeals of protest from the drug companies and the BMA (they would, wouldn't they?) had been an easy ride. But on 9 January the government's own Standard Medical Advisory Committee (attended by the Presidents of the independent Royal Colleges) came out against the proposals, and in the arcane world of medical politics that is serious. While the principle of cutting back on expensive and inappropriate prescribing is sound, the details of the list betray an almost complete ignorance of the routine practice of medicine. The Minister had been badly advised. The doctors' complaint was less to do with the loss of freedom in treating their patients the way they wished, but that the list would make it impossible for them to treat many of those patients.

The list was presented as a 'rationalization of drug prescribing for the relief of symptoms caused by minor and self-limiting illnesses.' For six classes of pharmaceutics — antacids (for indigestion), laxatives, cough medicines, analgesics (pain killers), vitamins and the benzodiazapines (tranquillisers) — only a few cheap generic drugs would be prescribable on the NHS. Other drugs could be prescribed but only privately and the patient would have to bear the full cost.

Eighty per cent of the drugs in these categories are taken by two groups of patients. Children consume vast quantities of anticough medicines as respiratory tract infections (to which anyhow they are immunologically more vulnerable) cause them more distress than adults because they have narrower airways. And the old require analgesics for their age-related arthritis, and quantities of laxative as a poor diet combined with reduced mobility makes them vulnerable to constipation.

This in itself would be no problem were the drugs on the restricted list as effective as those that will now only be available on private prescription. But they are not. With analgesics, for example, nothing will be available on the NHS between simple aspirin or Paracetamol and strong opiates like morphine. This arrangement is appropriate for those who suffer the occasional headache or backstrain but penalises those disabled by chronic pain or the terminally ill whose medical care consists almost entirely of the fine regulation of pain control and for whom middle range analgesics are an absolute requirement.

Only two types of laxative are to be permitted — suppositories or bulking granules. Many find suppositories embarrassing to use and the granules are unpalatable. GPs usually prescribe the more effective syrups that are not on the list. None of the permitted anticough medicines contains a decongestant that is particularly useful for children. Even the list for the much maligned benzodiazapines is inadequate as it excludes some of those drugs that are specifically prescribed for the control of epilepsy. In practical terms only the restriction on Vitamins is absolutely desirable.

THE FAMILY doctor will then be faced with the obvious dilemma: to prescribe on the NHS what he (or she) knows is less than optimal therapy or issue a private prescription, knowing that in the vast majority of cases it would be to those who can least afford it.

The original estimate was that half of the savings of £160 million would come from doctors not prescribing drugs excluded from the list and half from patients being forced to pay privately. It is in truth only a 'guesstimate' but indicates that this particular exercise in rational prescribing will in reality merely shift the cost of drugs from the taxpayer to the elderly, the chronically sick and families with children.

The DHSS, aware that the list makes little medical sense, has been forced to set up an advisory group as to what should really be on the list. The numbers of drugs available on the NHS will certainly have been increased by the time the list becomes operational on 1 April. But is that the answer?

There is no doubt that doctors do prescribe expensive drugs inappropriately and on a large scale. Nor that competition between drug companies to produce broadly the same drug makes drug costs unnecessarily high. But the government has been misled into equating this problem with the categories of pharamaceuticals for so called minor illnesses.

If anything, 'minor' illnesses in the aggregate cause more distress than major ones just because they are so much more common. Why should patients with cancer be treated better than those with chronic pain? It could be argued that money spent on symptomatic control of chronic pain is more warranted than many drug therapies for cancer: whereas the former works, the latter are frequently useless.

Rational prescribing is something other than an excuse for a government exercise in cost cutting. It starts with a clear identification of clinical problems (and so is much wider than merely the minor illness category) and consists of a recommended list of well thought out therapeutic options. Anything else will only penalise a group of patients for the past misdemeanours of the medical profession. □

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WINDSCALE

CLOSE TO THE BONE

James Cutler reveals how the Black Report on child cancer around Windscale is to be followed up

CONFIDENTIAL minutes of a recent meeting called by the DHSS suggest that the reassurance given by the Black Report on childhood cancer near Windscale (see *New Statesman* 18 January) was even more of an exercise in public relations than previously suspected. At best, the Black committee simply did not have the accurate scientific information to provide a reliable counter to the statistical evidence of the area's abnormal leukaemia rate.

The meeting at the Elephant and Castle on 22 October summoned representatives from the Black Committee, the National Radiological Protection Board, the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food, the Black Committee and many other bodies, to follow up Sir Douglas Black's recommendations for further study into the high rates of childhood leukemia in Seascale.

Although the Black Report both underestimated the incidence of childhood cancer and refused to identify the Sellafield nuclear processing plant as the cause of the abnormally high rate, it is clear from the minutes that those involved see radiation from the plant's waste discharges into the Irish Sea as the only suspect under consideration. They agreed on a series of investigations in which they had to balance the need for scientific accuracy with the need not to cause the public alarm and distress. Among the investigations to be carried out are the collection of tissue samples from dead Seascale children as well as aborted foetuses, stillborn babies and placentas from Seascale mothers. The samples will be incinerated and analysed for plutonium.

Dr Hunt, the representative from the MAFF, was particularly concerned about the proposal to examine placentas; levels of radiation measured in them didn't necessarily show what the mother and foetus might have received. Was the aim of the exercise, he asked 'mainly to reassure'? It was 'an expensive study to do just to ally human disquiet'.

Others at the meeting were concerned about what action to take if a placenta was found to contain high levels of plutonium . . . 'as a foetus is nourished by the placenta, contingency plans are needed.' Should the mother be told? Professor Boddy from Newcastle thought that 'one might be worrying the parents needlessly'. So it was decided that 'parents did not have to be informed of high levels of plutonium, but that the local ethical committee must discuss these points.'

This discussion by the West Cumbria Health Authority's Ethics of Research Committee took place on 8 November last year. The confidential minutes of their meeting show the same 'ethical' desire not to alarm any parent whose new-born child might be at risk from plutonium absorbed while in the womb: 'Since there is no base line for normality of radioactive substances in placentae, it was submitted that it might be unsound to disclose any individual information.'

Martin Bond

River Wampool flowing through Kirkbride, Cumbria: a black spot for leukaemia

At least the West Cumbrian ethical committee did not have to consider one of the experiments suggested at the DHSS meeting. This was to feed 'volunteer' Seascale children with local contaminated shellfish and monitor them to see how much plutonium they absorbed. This particular research project was rejected since 'there might be ethical problems in feeding Seascale whelks to children'.

Control areas are to be selected for comparison with the Seascale results. Towns on the west of Britain were though unsuitable because rainfall is three times higher 'giving rise to higher levels of background radiation as a result of nuclear weapon fallout'.

THE REASON why plutonium is so actively under examination as the cause of the Seascale leukaemias also emerged at the DHSS meeting. The Black Report had made a fundamental biological error in its calculation of the radiation dose that reaches Seascale children. Leukaemia (cancer of the blood) is induced in the bone marrow where blood cells are formed. If damaged by radiation these cells may become cancerous. The Black Report had assumed that these target blood cells are evenly distributed throughout the bone marrow, but a scientist told the DHSS meeting that recent research had established that the target cells were, in fact, concentrated on the inner surfaces of the bone.

It is precisely on these inner bone surfaces that plutonium, if taken into the body through eating contaminated shellfish or breathing Seascale seaspray, is deposited and since the alpha radiation emitted by plutonium, although phenomenonally destructive to living cells, only travels a few millimetres, any error in locating the target cells is crucial. As the minutes of the meeting point out, 'this is very important since radiation exposure could be different (i.e. very much higher) if the cells are concentrated close to the bone.'

It is unlikely that the planned series of experiments will overcome the Black Report's errors and produce any valid results to explain Seascale's high childhood cancer rate since the habits of the village's residents have changed drastically in the last year. People no longer eat local seafood and beaches last summer were deserted. This will have lessened their radiation exposure far more than the reduction in Sellafield's discharges – a reduction which, as a member of the DHSS meeting pointed out, means their study must be done very soon. Whatever reductions are made, the three quarters of a tonne of plutonium already on the sea-bed off the Cumbrian coast will be washing ashore for years to come.

This England

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The GLC was given permission to continue with its controversial £10 million anti-abolition campaign yesterday but it was ordered not to use persuasive slogans. — *The Times* (Thomas Lines)

Prince Charles himself is not slow to innovate. Several years ago he went out of his way to employ a black girl secretary in his private office as his contribution to better race relations. — *Sunday Express* (Brenda Rowe)

THIS WEEK in

Fighting for animal rights
Philosophers, fruitarians and activists unite

The bed and breakfast racket
A DHSS problem area: who's exploiting whom?

How good is Hitchcock?
Doubts about the 'master' start to stir

Plus: How many pits should go?

NEWSociety

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ENERGY

WHAT? NO POWER CUTS?

Jane Dibblin and Mark Hollingsworth look at the CEGB's disinformation during the miners' strike

IN 1974, the miners won their strike by forcing serious shortages in the electricity supply. This time, both the government and the Central Electricity Generating Board (CEGB) have repeatedly proclaimed that there would definitely not be any power cuts. The miners' strike, in other words, was having no effect and could continue indefinitely.

An internal CEGB memorandum indicates otherwise. Even before the advent of 'General Winter', on 29 November, CEGB staff were asked to economise 'in the use of electricity where possible . . . by switching off lights . . . and minimising the use of kettles and other electrical appliances'. The reason given was 'to ensure the continuing availability of electrical supplies in the miners' strike' (!)

Knowledge that there have been difficulties in maintaining electricity supply has been around for some time. January, for example, the *News of the World* planned to run a story about the need for coal stocks to be moved. Written by the paper's political staff, it concluded 'The CEGB is thought to have pressed the NCB for supplies to be directed to the London and South-East area, if power shortages are to be avoided in 1985, due to the uneven distribution of existing coal stocks.' Scheduled to appear on page four, the story was spiked. Its unpublished predictions turned out to be accurate. Within two days the NCB moved coal from one of the large collieries in the North-East for the first time in 10 months.

Early in the strike, on 25 March a story appeared in the *Sunday Telegraph* headlined 'Electricity cut plans ready'. It was deleted after the first edition, after Peter Walker was consulted. Although newspapers have never claimed to be neutral about the strike, the CEGB has. It is quite clear, however, that the CEGB has wanted to underplay the effects of the strike, not for its own sake, but for the government's. Its disinformation has been of service to Mrs Thatcher, and a disservice to the NUM.

The CEGB is extremely sensitive about publicity for coal shortages. This is confirmed by internal Board documents leaked to the *New Statesman* and the *Guardian* which show that the Board was struggling to meet demands, that seven power stations were very nearly out of coal and that on the day in question, 18 December, the demand for power was 42,2000mw while the Board's capacity was only 42,8000mw.

In fact, the Board was so worried about these reports falling into the hands of the press that it used euphemisms; 'not required' described the stations nearly out of fuel. The CEGB source pointed out that previous issues of the document talked of coal/oil shortages, but that fears of public leaks made the Board wary of using such terms. 'Operating to systems requirements' was used to mean *abnormal* system requirements such as burning oil instead of coal.

Above all, the CEGB has been adamant that power cuts would not be necessary. On 19 January, the Board's John Baker claimed 'Record electricity demand has been met four times in the last nine days without difficulty by the CEGB . . . only one voltage reduction all winter, on 5 November and this has been reported.' It is true that the CEGB has coped well. It has managed to get electricity around the grid to parts with unusual shortages, to conserve power and to run stations in abnormal ways.

Nevertheless, power cuts have taken place. Parts of East London have been cut off on 7 and 17 January. On 7 January, Dagenham - 12 miles from London - and neighbouring Barking were also hit, halting the Ford car works at Dagenham. The same day a CEGB employee rang the NUM to say that he had been instructed to tell switchboard operators that the blackout was 'a cable failure'. He said: 'I do not agree with the strike but I do not agree with lying either. What you've got here is a power cut. There have been five in the south-east quadrant of London in the past few weeks.' An EETPU (electricians union) shop steward also rang to say that there had been power cuts that morning because the London Electricity Board was saving energy for the peak demand in the evening.

The *New Statesman* has received reports of other cuts in Leeds, Stafford, South Humberside, Chesterfield, Selby, Staverly, South Yorkshire, Portsmouth and, in London, Mayfair, Finsbury Park, Islington and Holborn (which forced the Ministry of Defence to use candles). Consumers have invariably been told that they were due to 'technical hitches' and 'nothing to do with the strike'. It seems that while the former is true, the latter is not. The most likely cause of the cuts is that the grid has been under abnormal pressure and is being used in experimental ways, which is bound to provoke breakdowns. So although the cuts are not due to fuel shortages, they are indirectly caused by the strike.

To cope with the coal shortage, power stations have been run at a capacity which threatens, at the least, their expected 'life'. However, as the CEGB has now admitted at Sizewell, it wants to scrap a large number of oil-fired stations which are uneconomic white elephants. Four nuclear stations — Heysham, Hartlepool, Dungeness B and Hinkley Point - have been brought into full commission before their time, according to the CEGB documents. The effects on their future safety is not known.

When the strike is over and the CEGB once again has its normal over-capacity, it is likely that several stations will be taken out of commission for vital maintenance work. This will add to the enormous bill that the government has been prepared to run up to beat the miners. The cost will probably be passed on to the consumer - perhaps in the form of VAT on electricity and gas which the government is keen to impose and which - at 15 per cent - will be highly inflationary. □

TRADE UNIONS

KINDLING THE SPARKS

Now that Frank Chapple has ascended from his role as the Left's bête noire, what will happen to the electricians' union? Mike Everley looks at what shapes its politics

FRANK CHAPPLE's retirement from the union marks the end of one era and the dawning of another. His whole life has been dominated by the shadow of the Communist Party, first seen as a means of salvation and then of enslavement. Chapple's bitter opposition to the Party and its aims can only be explained in terms of his own disillusionment over its intended ends.

Yet he always remained an admirer of the Party's ability to organise and, because of this, considered them more of a threat than newer organisations such as the SWP. The skills he learned within the Party stood Chapple in good stead when he, and original joint leader Les Cannon, took over control of the union after the ballot-rigging trial. Cannon was always the more thoughtful of the two and in many ways Chapple took on the role of his hit-man. The first task that they faced was to restructure the union and to consolidate their own power base, a task made more difficult by the fact that all of the Head Office records were burned before they took over occupation.

Chapple's aims were to build a strong and economically stable union, and to confine the activities of Party activists to pockets such as the London Press Branch to make their influence negligible. The ban on Party members holding any office in the union has remained in force, although Chapple never tried to extend it to the newer left-wing groups.

Structurally the union was quick to respond to the fact, known by all union officials, that the branch is dead as a place of decision. It survives in the members' consciousness only as a place to take problems to when they arise (though all but the most trivial are then passed on to the union's area office), and as a convenient job-centre. But branches cannot survive as places of decision when only four or five members are in regular attendance.

The fear that organised minorities can manipulate such branches and thus any union decision-making process that is based on them permeates the EETPU. Although it had its origin in the great 1959 ballot-rigging scandal, when Communist Party members were taken to court, it has been kept alive by the steady trickle of stories of how branches in unions and the Labour Party are packed and manipulated.

EETPU democracy now depends on secret ballots, held by the Electoral Reform Society, for Executive Council positions and for Executive Officers such as General Secretary. In theory these are the policy makers under whom are appointed a civil service of National

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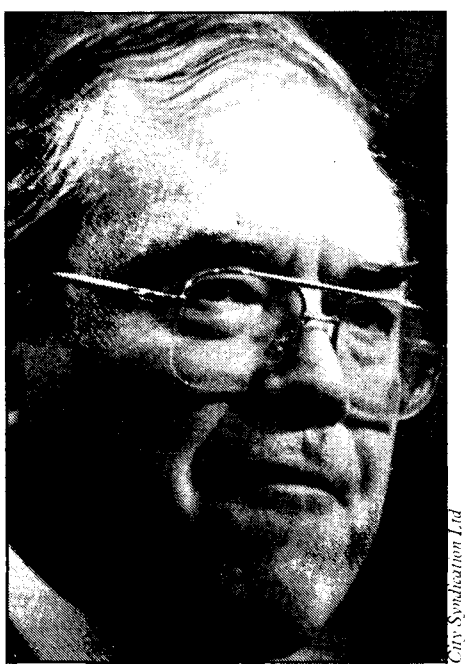
Officers and Area Officials. The decision of the union to accept government funds for its ballots has brought it into direct conflict with the TUC. In its own defence the union argues pragmatically that: 'If you hold the ballots anyway then why not have the Government pay for them. After all, every union joins in the scrabble for funding for education.'

However, its decision flows logically from its overall view that to defy the actions of an elected government is to turn your back on the struggle to gain universal suffrage and the right to elect a government. Efforts should be directed into ensuring the return of a Labour government pledged to repeal the legislation, not into actions which project a negative image of trade unionism and only alienate the voter.

The appointment of Officials, given their power, was once a live criticism within the union. However, little but token opposition at Conference is met with today. The EETPU is a craft union with handfuls of members spread throughout virtually every industry. This diversity has enabled them to better withstand the present recession than those in some other unions, but is a real headache for Officials who may have up to six to seven industries and agreements to service. Elections would not only threaten their own job security but both they and many members feel that, without a stable 'civil service', inefficiency and anarchy in a volatile and fragmented trade would creep in.

What makes the Appointment of Officials less defensible is the fact that the Area and National Industrial Committees, the only place apart from Conference where rank and file members



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EETPU's Hammond: the style will change, but will the policy?

can participate, have no real power. As policy making is carried out by elected Officers and the day-to-day running of Industries by appointed Officials, the Committees have no real role to play. Even so the selection of delegates to them is controlled by the Area Official and delegates can only 'guide' the Officials.

THE FACT that the union leadership expresses a viewpoint held by the majority of its members may be unpalatable but it must be

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faced. Unfortunately, along with all other unions, the EETPU was happy merely to sell insurance policies in the mad scramble for recruitment when jobs were plentiful. No efforts were made to develop the consciousness of these members, especially the younger ones. As a result the skilled workers of today have become a volatile force capable of voting for whatever party offers them the best deal. The link with the traditional values held by their predecessors has been broken, especially in the South of England where there is a weaker class and radical culture to sustain them. Thatcher proved attractive to these skilled workers, on above average wages, because they resented having to pay higher taxes to support those less well off than themselves.

Younger EETPU members are further alienated from the Labour Party politics because of the introduction of new technology. Whereas this has frightened older workers, the younger ones regard it as a challenge and an opportunity to enhance their status. In the short-term a shortage of workers with experience on electronic equipment has enabled EETPU members to better survive the ITec revolution than other groups.

Of course the long-term picture is not so rosy. Newer, self-diagnostic, machines will reduce the skill levels required for service and repair. Management will follow its historic tendency to train a small, highly skilled, elite and 'deskill' the rest of its workforce. The result will be a dilemma for the union leadership. Either it will have to move away from the Standard Craft Rate, which prevents additional payments being made to those with enhanced skills, and try to incorporate the elite within its ranks, as it has with the staff section (EESA) and the United Kingdom Association for Professional Engineers (UKAPE); or risk losing them, and to a large degree union power, to unions such as ASTMS.

One thing is certain. The policies of the EETPU will reflect the feeling of this group in order not to further distance them as technicians from the old craft union. In order to ensure that it is its members who fill the

Thatcher's 2nd XI No 6: Kenneth Baker

KEN BAKER has fallen back to half-throttle as he leads the swollen Tory ranks through the dreary hours of committee on the Local Government Bill to abolish the GLC and Metropolitan councils. There have been a few merry quips, some satirical poetry, some verbal swordsmanship to set Kinnockites against Livingstonians. But he has been boxing defensively. (He let by Jack Straw's barbed suggestion that he would get an invitation to this month's party to celebrate Mrs Thatcher's decade as Tory leader, but then avoid going to it because of alleged illness.)

Baker seems to see the Commons stage of the Bill as a damage-limitation exercise for Ken Baker. 'His heart's just not in it', explained a sympathetic colleague when asked about his mediocre performance in his first months as Minister for Local Government.

Baker is not at ease in his new post. A non-monetarist Tory of the Centre who was Ted Heath's Parliamentary Private Secretary and his campaign manager for the 1975 defeat, Baker has, however, long been an opponent of high taxes and especially of high rates. He sees high rates as the enemy of small businesses, needed to revive dying inner cities. Baker was taking a keen interest in the fate of the GLC even in pre-Livingstone days. In 1977 Baker and half a dozen other London MPs wrote a pamphlet, *Maybe it's because we are Londoners.* It supported the GLC having a strategic planning role. Baker's main argument was that the GLC should be reduced in size and cost — not abolished — mainly by shedding its housing stock and dismantling the expensive and unaccountable Inner London Education Authority.

Baker's recent lack of verve owes much to Mrs Thatcher having plucked him from 'the best job in the government' — the world's first Minister for Information Technology, which Baker himself had a hand in creating. Still remembering his loyalty to Heath in the battle for leadership, Thatcher denied him a post in May 1979. The following year, Baker proposed to Sir Keith Joseph, then Industry Secretary, a 10-point programme for a computer-pushing Minister. Baker was rewarded with the post in January 1981 after the Cabinet Office had studied the scheme for six months. He threw himself into the job, trying to ignite UK institutions with the need to 'modernise or fossilize'.

Ken v Ken

His disappointment in his switch last September was initially disguised by his bravura performance at the Brighton Tory conference in October. 'Only 537 spending days left, Mr Livingstone,' he announced to a standing ovation. But nothing could disguise the fact that he was a stand-in, appointed to bear the brunt for the battered Environment Secretary Patrick Jenkin.

Baiting by the press was nothing compared with the savaging Baker received at the hands of his former mentor, Ted Heath, during December's Second Reading of the Bill to abolish the GLC and the met counties. Heath, in his best recent form, said Baker had admitted that he had been standing on his head on the Bill the whole time.

During that debate it was disclosed that Ken Baker would be taking the Bill through Committee on his own, without even the nominal presence of Patrick Jenkin. With the large Tory majority on the 47-member committee and the Commons and government powers to guillotine debate, there is little doubt that Baker will get the Bill through the Commons, with minor concessions, unless growing Tory rebelliousness really grows. Baker is said, however, privately, to hope that the Lords will again prove 'rebellious'.

Baker is enormously ambitious ('I live, sleep and breathe politics') and has been striving for high office ever since becoming Chairman of the Oxford University Conservative Association in 1957. He retained his political ambitions while he climbed the industrial ladder from Shell trainee to managing director of a textiles firm, via a job in Aquascutum. After tackling hopeless Poplar against Ian Mikardo in 1964, he more narrowly lost marginal Acton in 1966. He had macabre good fortune when he won the 1968 Acton by-election in the wake of the suicide of Labour MP Bernard Floud, who had been a Communist (and some thought a spy). Baker thought he had it made in 1969, when he became a member of Iain Macleod's Budget-fighting team in opposition — enough to sell his Twickenham home for a Westminster flat, just before losing Acton by 660 votes. His talents had impressed Heath enough for him to be selected to follow Quintin Hogg at St Marylebone within four months, despite 437 other applicants.

Showing old form

In one area Ken Baker has shown his old form. He has recognized that a major reason for Tory resistance to the government has been resentful suspicion of the whole complex hit-and-miss mess of financing local government. Many Commons rebels have voiced the resentments of careful Tory county councils which have been financially penalized, often for past pennypinching. A government committee has been set up to transform local government financing within 18 months, perhaps by central funding of education.

This does not solve Baker's immediate dilemma. He has been landed with a Bill and a policy in which he had no hand, when it was halfway to messy execution. He winces visibly when asked how he feels about abolishing the GLC while retaining an elected ILEA, when his own 1977-80 proposals, especially as Chairman of the semi-secret 1979-80 London Tory MPs committee, were for the abolition of the ILEA while retaining strategic planning and transport powers for the GLC.

He shows hankerings for his old plans, indicating that he might be willing to link the advisory London Planning Commission, mentioned in the White Paper, with Serplan, a planning authority for the whole Southeast. He claims he 'remains sceptical' that it should be made a statutory body able to levy a 2p rate. But there is a whisper that he has been consulting on an elected slimline GLC (with other residuary powers including refuse disposal), with Alan Greengross, the 'pro-slimline' Leader of the GLC Tory Group.

However, last time Baker incurred the wrath of Thatcher — by his proximity to the rival Heath — he languished on the backbenches for six years. The 50-year-old Minister can hardly want to risk that again.

Andrew Roth

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vacancies requiring the 'new' skills, the union has opened a college devoted to practical and theoretical work on electronics and computer studies, the first union in Europe to hold such courses.

Without understanding the seriousness with which the union treats the challenge of new technology and the possibility of the defection of skilled workers to other unions, the EETPU's relationship to the government cannot be understood. It is the Labour voting unskilled workers who threaten them more than the Tory government or even management. For the present government is in many ways a reflection of the aspirations of the younger skilled workers.

In theory, the union is against formal involvement with management. But many years ago, in the highly unstable electrical contracting industry, they set up, with the employers' association, a Joint Industrial Board. It agreed a standard minimum wage and settled other disputes. Now, a growing body of employers think recession has 'stabilised' the industry, and the JIB can be dispensed with. An end to union-management co-operation may allow the staff section to benefit at the expense of craft workers.

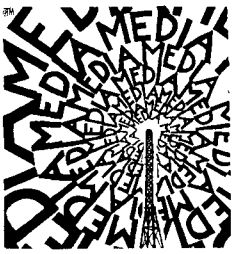
WHAT THEN is the likely future of the union under its present leader Eric Hammond? He is more of a conciliator than his predecessor, less fixed by an image which restricts the options available and more inclined to work through the Labour and trade union movement. But, given the notion of defrauding the self-interest of the rising technocrats, he will find it hard to play a coherent political role. The union, for instance, was in favour of the privatisation of British Telecom where members in Plessey and STC stood to benefit, but is against privatisation in the Electrical Supply Industry where it exerts a large degree of control.

Hammond will also be faced by an Executive less likely to play a subservient role to him. It will be of interest to see if Wyn Bevan, Executive Controller for South Wales, and other supporters of the Broad Left, can make use of the dissension that may arise. The Executive, eager to make itself heard, may also attempt to wrest some authority back from the appointed 'civil service' that developed during Chapple's reign.

In addition the retirement of the current union President, Tom Breakell, may bring Lew Britz, highly tipped for the position, on to centre stage. He stood down in the election for General Secretary in order not to split Hammond's vote and was rewarded with Hammond's old Executive Council seat. Britz, another former convert to and from the Party, has built for himself a power base of union officials at its two London offices and has a strong following among the membership. We may therefore see the development of a more pluralistic leadership in the years ahead.

But unless the industrial decline creates unmanageable tensions between well off and less well off members and the left orientated groups, including the Communist Party, can build an effective opposition within the union, little policy change can be expected. In which case top hatted trade unionists will continue well into the 21st century. □

Mike Everley is a retired official of the EETPU.



Brought to you by a profit motive

Anne Karpf

THERE WAS a time — and you don't have to have done National Service or worn corsets to remember it — when it was unthinkable that a British radio programme could be preceded by the announcement, 'This programme is brought to you by Surplusvalue Inc., the makers of Alienated shampoo', or some such. Times have changed. Now, you can hear concerts sponsored by Lasky's on LBC, arts coverage sponsored by British Airways on Radio Forth, and even Radio 3 has succumbed to tobacco company-funded concerts.

I'm not partial to America-bashing — seeing the States, as Mandy Merck has pointed out before in this column, as the fount of all (particularly media) evil, and muttering darkly of wall-to-wall *Dallas* or bulk-buy *Dynasty*. It's often just a front for crude nationalism, and a puff for wall-to-wall *Brideshead* and bulk-buy *Blankety-Blank*. But sponsored programming is a creeping Americanism which, although it represents only a tiny proportion of commerical radio programming in Britain, is undercutting some key British broadcasting practices.

Officially, nothing much has changed in the self-styled Independent Local Radio. As always, matters are governed by the IBA Act and, when approached by a radio station wanting to bring in a sponsor (or co-founder in IBA parlance), the Authority asks them three things. Is it a 'factual portrayal of things, doings, places, or happenings', as the Act enjoins? Is it of intrinsic interest? And does it contain an undue element of advertising?

Clearly, these questions are of the how-long-is-a-piece-of-string variety. Basically, a station has to satisfy the IBA. This has become easier with the new regime at the IBA, surfing along on the new and Thatcherist tide of deregulation. So although there was no official policy change, more liberal interpretation of the rules meant that sponsorship increased significantly last year.

Capital Radio's Jazz Festival was sponsored in part by JVC, and its Best Disco programme by the jeans firm Wranglers. The Health Education Council co-funded Radio Clyde's drama-doc playlets. And, most significant of all, the Stock Exchange started to finance ILR's first externally funded weekly series, 'Family Money' on LBC. The Stock Exchange has no editorial say in the content of the series, and LBC financial editor Douglas Moffitt expressed confidence that he could make a programme criticising the commissions charged by brokers, without the Exchange threatening to withdraw its financial help.

But whether or not he bites the hand that feeds him, there's another, less clear-cut question: won't such sponsorship help set a programme's agenda in the broader sense, so that the producer inevitably starts to raise the sort of issues of interest to the sponsor?

Even the laid-back IBA isn't entirely oblivious to the problems. It encourages stations to announce on-air the name of the sponsor, so that the public can know the provenance of the programme, and can judge it accordingly. And last September it banned a new 13-week series, 'Paperback Choice', sponsored by the Book Marketing Council, part of the Publishers' Association, on the grounds that programmes shouldn't promote the commerical interests of the sponsor (but why else would they sponsor?), and because there was 'an undue amount of advertising of books in the programme'.

The IBA is now about to issue new guidelines on sponsorship.

But let's not get naive about this. ITV and ILR are funded by advertising, and programme-makers in a sense deliver the audience to the advertisers. Moreover, there's a great deal of news management by commercial firms and corporations: press releases get reproduced almost verbatim on radio, as 'Nothing Local About It', Local Radio Workshop's report on London's local radio (Comedia) has shown. As of last year, ILR presenters are increasingly reading voice-over ads on their stations too (though they're not allowed to endorse products).

So why does sponsorship matter? It may be the logical extension of all that has gone before, but it's also the thin end of the wedge: slowly, in the name of public thrift and private resourcefulness, we are becoming habituated to private industry buying editorial time. And what of the programmes which no-one wants to sponsor, or the series which might attract listeners with little money to burn? What will happen to them? □

There's an argument which says that sponsorship is a good thing, because it makes explicit the connections between private capital and the media, and their journalistic implications, rather than maintaining the ideological fiction of independence. Maybe. But that's a rather black-and-white line, which doesn't acknowledge the grey shades of autonomy in much British broadcasting. But for how much longer? □

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DIARY

It is extremely timely to have Peter Hain's *Political Trials in Britain* published in Penguins this week. And not only because of the huge number of trials being generated by the miners' strike. I was astonished to read the recent letter from the NCCL's Larry Gostin in the *Guardian*. It stated that even when three men who had been held in custody for five days were finally allowed to see their solicitors, they were still unable to talk to them except in the presence of a police officer. They were thus prevented from exercising their fundamental right to confidential legal advice. Even more hair-raising was the official justification for this travesty. The solicitors were informed that the police were 'acting in the spirit of the Police and Criminal Evidence Act, 1984' — although the provisions of this Act, which do indeed allow police to refuse those held in their custody private access to legal advice, *are not in force*. Indeed, they are not expected to be implemented until 1986. It may not be a surprise that the police do things that are illegal — their symbiotic relationship to crime is well known and probably inevitable. But it is unusual that they should openly espouse and justify *illegal* activity as due procedure. Or perhaps it would be kinder to call it prospective or 'spiritual' legality.

○

On the other hand, it may be that we should be inspired by their creative attitude to the law. It could get the local councils off the hook. Labour should no longer tell its members to obey the law and wait to change it by parliamentary means, but rather to follow the example set by the police and proceed according to what the law will be in the future. All that Labour needs to do is to table its own Bills, to become Acts by 1990, let's say, so as not to be accused of lack of realism. Thus legitimized by the code of the future, defiance of today's reprehensible government can be justified as the acme of obedience . . .

○

Two attitudes towards political trials jostle with each other on the Left: the embittered 'we've seen it all before' variety — which induces fatalism; and the shocked 'I can't believe it' attitude — which is laughable. In his book Hain shows that there have always been political trials. However, even if most policemen are, as one officer described himself, 'well to the right of Attila the Hun', resignation is no more justified than a naive belief in the inherent neutrality of British justice. (Worst of all, I suppose, is the manipulative exploitation of liberalism by those who perjure it in private.) Hain argues, convincingly, that the law does have some autonomy, but that its independence is itself a political one and that there is a tendency for the law to become ever more a 'law unto itself'. Yet this also means, Hain says, that the law can and should be countered by political action — in the court-room and outside. Justice bends to the climate: public opinion sets the limits of what it can get away with. Hence it is essential to fight hard against trials such as Clive Ponting's.

○

The bravest and most fabulous person I've known to resist police pressures is György Krasso. He made any visit to Budapest high drama. Last November the authorities there, lenient though they are, placed him under *de facto* house arrest, allowing him to go out only in daylight hours and even then forbidding him to enter any public place. They deprived him of his way of life. Anyone familiar with his intoxicating company will understand why he has now been hospitalized after a heart attack. it would be a tremendous stain on Hungary's reputation if he fails to recover. What use is a country that cannot tolerate people who are so committed to freedom that they really are 'impossible'?

○

I was fascinated to learn that Victor Grayson was gay. It must have been nearly 15 years ago, but I well remember Sheila Rowbotham thrusting into my hands an old red book, published in 1910, on Grayson's life and work. Here at last, she tried to convince me, was an authentic, working-class *English* socialist, not one of your continental theorists. Also he was very handsome. And he won great local support, which took him to the House of Commons. But he was no miserable reformist either and remained unimpressed by its humbug. We should look back to him with pride. Such was the hypnotic persuasiveness for which she is rightly famous that I teetered on the edge of becoming a Graysonite. Alas, I don't like old books. Now I can look forward to reading him in a nice new edition. For he has joined that other harbinger of English socialism: Oscar Wilde.

○

I suspected that the privatisation of British Telecom could only improve our phones. Along with a friend, I agreed that the acid test would be if they had the sense to get rid of the Great British Phone Box. And they have! The *Daily Express* was beside itself:

> British Telecom is planning to scrap our familiar red telephone boxes. This latest assault on our distinctive national life is being perpetrated in the name of 'progress', of course. Such vandalism always is . . . They are 'harmonising' and 'standardising' our traditional, familiar, and much-loved Britain out of Existence.
>
> Save the red boxes!

To which I say: 'The quicker they go the better'. The red phone boxes stick up like the sore thumbs of Westminster. Their combination of 'tradition' and arbitrariness, their ludicrous and pretentious design with its embossed crown, suggests a cross between a prison and a small public school. Awe, respect, even gratitude are expected of you by the Great Red Phone Box: the British State has decreed in its wisdom that you may, from here, make a call. If you apply maximum effort the door can be heaved open slowly, usually to the stench of piss and a machine that won't work. So when the last ones are finally dispatched to their long deserved place in the museum of our decline, we must make sure that our children and grandchildren really witness what chambers of horror the red phone boxes were — or are, for they'll hang around a long time yet. The light must be dim, the floor cold, the smell disgusting, the phone out of order. Oh yes, despite all this, outside there should be a queue.

Islander

ROGER WODDIS

A good man gone

James Cameron, 1911-1985

Now the best is laid to rest,
And the grieving heart counts
Its multiple joys, too many and too large
To fit into a headline,
We remember and hear his querying voice,
Awful and gentle, the blade sliding in;
After a painful winter he is gone,
Not to meet his Maker but a deadline.

No banks of flowers for James:
It was his trade. His eyes and ears
Were all he had to offer,
And a weary honesty his only pride.
We took for granted what we owed him:
The debt will never be repaid.

Now he is honoured in a hundred cities
And toasted in a thousand foreign bars;
Only the body has been removed,
But not the passion, nor the wit.
Offered inducements to be silent as the stars,
He refused to shovel shit.
After the mountebanks have died of boredom,
The fakers buried with their war-mad brains,
While others wear the badge of licenced
whoredom,
The word, the voice, the troubled truth
remains.

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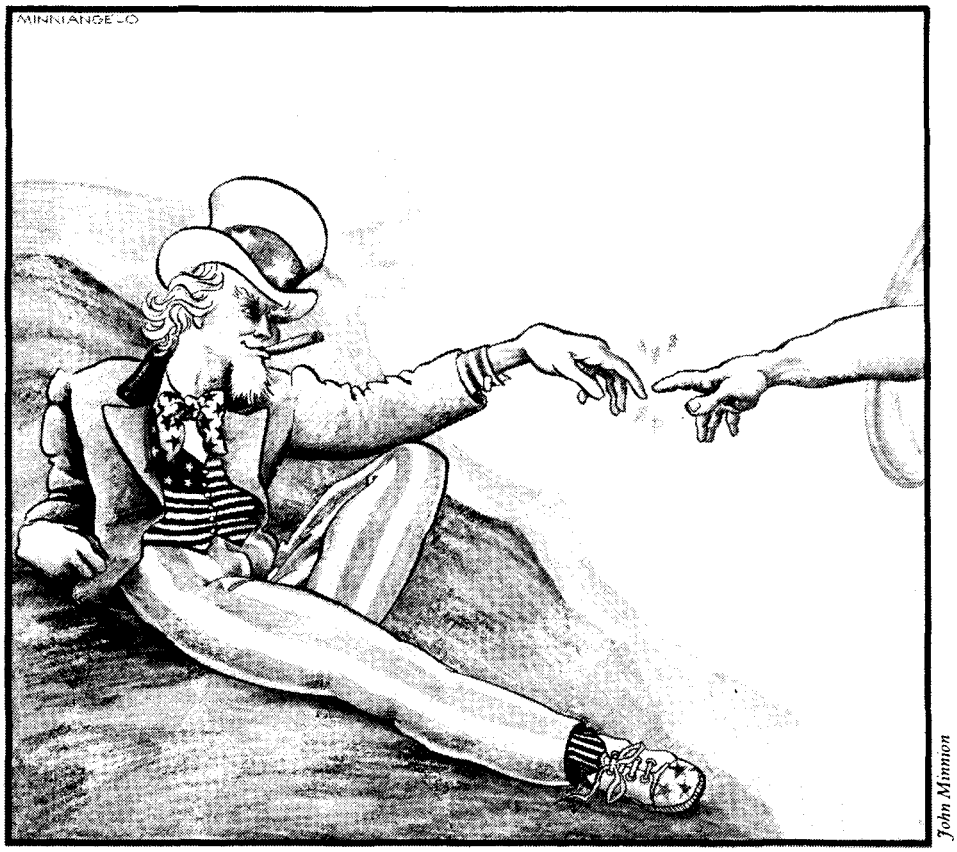

John Minnion

GOING ABOUT GOD'S BUSINESS

A Commission of US bishops is revising the draft of their pastoral letter on the economy. Claudia Wright describes the reaction of the Catholic political establishment

Washington

THERE HAS NEVER been a time when American Catholics have figured more prominently in the making of US foreign policy and in the circle of a president's advisers than during the Reagan Administration.

General Alexander Haig was only the second Catholic Secretary of State in living memory (the first was Senator Edmund Muskie, who served very briefly in 1980); General Vernon Walters and a number of other military officers directing US policy in Central America are Catholics also. Donald Regan, the new White House Chief of Staff, William Clark, the President's National Security Adviser for a time, and William Wilson, Mr Reagan's friend and envoy to the Vatican, are all members of the Church.

This Catholic elite of the Washington political establishment has been discomfited to find itself in confrontation with the US bishops. For the hierarchy of the American Church has been ideologically transformed since the days when it was dominated by anti-Communist 'crusaders', like Cardinal Spellman. They believed that they had achieved power, cloaked in the moral authority of the Church. The bishops have stripped them of that mantle. At issue is the morality of policies they have advocated — from the expansion of the American nuclear armoury to US military intervention in Central America.

In the eyes of the Catholic elite, the bishops have become naive, liberal, even 'soft' on international Communism. During the 1982-83 debate about the bishops' 'pastoral letter' on nuclear warfare, for example, they sought the intervention of Pope John Paul II and his Washington Nuncio, Archbishop Pio Laghi, to countermand the bishops. The ploy was overwhelmed by the forcefulness of the moral condemnation that the Church made of the Reagan arms policy.

That defeat only stiffened the elite's determination not to allow the bishops to repeat their success with their new pastoral letter — on Catholic social teaching and the US economy. This project originated in 1980 when, in a critique of communism, the bishops argued against identifying Christian principles with the American economic system and proposed an equivalent critique of capitalism. This was delayed while the pastoral letter on nuclear war was being drafted. Hearings on the US economy began in 1981 before a committee of bishops headed by Archbishop Rembert Weakland of Milwaukee. They continued at regular intervals until mid-1984, when the first draft of the document was prepared. Its presentation to the annual bishops' conference and its public release were delayed until after the Presidential election, in order to avoid the charges of political partisanship that were made when the document on nuclear war was released just before the 1982 Congressional elections.

From the outset the elite moved to pre-empt the bishops by forming a 'Lay Commission on Catholic social teaching and the US economy' and by holding duplicate hearings. This commission was composed of well known Catholic officials from past Republican Administrations, including General Haig, Clare Boothe Luce, Peter Grace and Norman Ture. The chairman of the Commission was the Nixon and Ford Administration appointee, William Simon. Its resident dogmatist was Michael Novak, a member of a Republican think tank in Washington.

The week before the first draft of the bishops' document was due to appear, the Lay Commission issued its own report with the same title. Novak and the right-wing Catholic propagandist, William Buckley, took to press and television to denounce the bishops' document and celebrate the lay alternative. Buckley cannot have contributed much to the Commission's economic analysis — when facing a US government investigation of financial manipulation, fraud and false reporting in a bankrupt company he controlled, Buckley told the *Wall Street Journal* in 1979: 'I am no good with figures. I don't understand them'.

THE BISHOPS showed they were a good deal less hypocritical than Buckley about bankruptcy. The 'current levels of unemployment are morally unjustified', the pastoral letter declared, more confidently than last year's Democratic opposition to President Reagan. Attacking the heart of the President's taxation and investment policies, the bishops state that 'the distribution of income and wealth in the United States is so inequitable that it violates the minimum standard of distributive justice'. Striking at the Administration's labour policies, they wrote: 'We firmly oppose organised efforts, such as those regrettably now seen in this country, to break existing unions or to prevent workers from organizing, through intimidation and threats'.

Novak and his associates on the Lay Commission have reached back into the 19th century to salvage a remarkable collection of precepts with which to defend the moral foundations of American capitalism. God's greatest gift to the Church since the resurrection, they suggest, quoting a 19th century American bishop, is the United States — 'God's best earthly gift to his children . . . (where) almost for the first time in her history, the Church is really free'. The Lay Commission is blunt about what this means for the Church's assets and cashflow — 'the American Catholic Church has become . . . a dominant financial force in the universal Church'.

The reason the Commission finds that God

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has made America a gift to the Church is that, through the American economy, God has realised another of his earthly gifts — the gift of creation. This, according to the Commission, is continuously renewed through the 'market system' — something it defines as synonymous with American capitalism and describes as the only economic framework in which the 'free creativity of every human person' can be exercised. God in this theology is no social or economic planner. Rather, he is the hidden hand of the market system: 'providence, allowing contingent causes to work in all their humanly baffling contingency, empowering human beings as free agents, compelling no one'. Little wonder that God's disciples on earth should be identified by the Commission as the entrepreneur, the private investor, the businessman — the repositories of a unique moral category which 'experience around the world since 1945 teaches us . . . (is) the innate virtue of enterprise'.

Alas, the Lay Commission concedes, this virtue has been unjustly repressed the world over by atheistic economic planners and state-regulated economies. 'In many parts of the world, the natural talents distributed by the creator are left to wither on barren or rocky ground . . .'. Thus defined, the Third World is held to blame for its mounting debts, the failure of its economic plans and the weakness of its exports on world markets.

However, the superior accumulation of wealth and growth in per capita incomes achieved by the members of the OPEC oil cartel since 1973 are noticeably ignored in the analysis of North-South differences — since God's providential gift to the oil-producers is apparently considered by the Commission more baffling than divine. □

MULTINATIONALS

WHAT'S GOOD FOR FORD. . .

Denis MacShane reports on the European car crisis

Geneva

THE STOCKHOLM motor show does not figure as one of Europe's major automobile gatherings. The latest Volvos, new snow tyres and de-icing equipment and plenty of Aquavit to keep out the January cold are on display, but compared with the great salons of Paris, Frankfurt or Geneva it is a minor affair.

Yet two weeks ago the Ford Motor Company used it to prepare the way for a major assault on jobs in its European operations. A speech given by Bob Lutz, chairman of Ford Europe, concentrated on the problem of over-capacity in the European market. But the marshalling of journalists by Ford's skilful public relations operation left no one in doubt that Lutz was hinting at a major plant closure.

Alarm bells started ringing among Ford workers at Dagenham, Halewood, Cologne, Valencia and Genk in Belgium. 'Over-capacity' is the current Buzz-word on the lips of European motor chiefs: given the level of Japanese imports, and the 13 million unemployed in the EEC, the demand for home-made cars simply is not there in Europe. Worse, the soft, profitable export markets in the old British and French empires of Africa and Asia have crumbled in the face of Japanese, Korean and Brazilian exports and local car assembly.

Although Ford outsells — just — its European competitors, it is still losing money overall in Europe, as are the other European car manufacturers. Collective losses in 1984 are reckoned to mount to $800 million. Enter Bob Lutz, a Swiss-born American citizen, who served in the US Marines and was President of Ford Europe before going to Ford World headquarters in Dearborn, Michigan, to become vice-president in charge of Ford's overseas operations.

Lutz witnessed in the early part of the decade how Ford — and other US car manufacturers — solved their problem of lack of profits in the North American market. The answer was to cut jobs massively and live with much smaller sales but much higher profits. In 1978, Ford sold 2.8 million cars in the US and Canada and was running into a loss. In 1982, Ford sold 1.4 million cars and made $781 million profit. Over the same period Ford cut 100,000 workers from its 1978 payroll of 260,000. By 1983, the 'profit 'crisis' for the big three US auto manufacturers was over. They made $6 billion and the top executives awarded themselves bonuses exceeding $1 million. The price was paid elsewhere: 400,000 workers lost their jobs and 40 plants and ten assembly units were shut.

Lutz was sent back to be head of Ford Europe — a demotion in the eyes of most Ford watchers in Dearborn — to restore the European operation to profitability. His main concern must be Britain, because the dramatic slump in the pound's value means that it no longer makes accounting sense to import German-made Fords priced in Deutschmarks to sell at the above-EEC average prices for cars in Britain. Over 40 per cent of Ford's UK sales are cars made outside Britain.

This week's public enquiry by the GLC into Ford could not have come at a more opportune moment, though Ford management's high-handed arrogance to give evidence suggests that the time of Ford's willingness to parley, politely or otherwise, is over.

That was also the feeling last Sunday at a meeting of Ford European representatives in Geneva, held under the auspices of the International Metalworkers Federation which co-ordinates the activities of car unions worldwide. TGWU, AUEW, ASTMS, EETPU and GMB officials and shop stewards took part. The main problem is that Lutz simply will not sit down with workers at a European level to consult, let alone negotiate, with their unions above the national level. Any decision to close a plant in Britain or elsewhere is taken above the head of national managements. Indeed it is unclear whether Lutz himself has any real executive power, or whether he is just a messenger boy for Dearborn. The Ford Europe operation has 4,000 people on its staff, but according to union leaders from Dagenham and Cologne it is far from clear what these people actually do.

The current period is sensitive for management and unions. In West Germany, Ford is still smarting from the defeat inflicted last summer on employers over the shorter working week by German metal workers and is moaning that having to make 'lead-free' engines will cut sales. In Britain, the TGWU, Ford's main union, is in the throes of change with Ron Todd giving way to Mick Murphy as the chief Ford negotiator, while Dame Judith Hart's son, Steven, complete with economics degree and six years shop floor experience at Dagenham, has just been appointed as secretary of the crucial shop stewards liaison committee.

Even a meeting, or some form of negotiation, with Lutz may not provide all the answers. Ford's Brazilian subsidiary has just begun exporting 25,000 cars to Sweden and this may spread to Denmark and the Netherlands. Ford also owns 25 per cent of the Japanese car firm Mazda. ASTMS's John Chowcatt is convinced that 'outsourcing' to Asia of parts currently made in Europe is a serious Ford option. Ford's Enfield spark plug plant, which employs 1,000 workers, could be threatened by this.

The unions agreed that they would support each other, if a major plant closure is announced by Ford — support that would include occupation of a threatened factory though it was pointed out that the Euro-wide trade union mood of defensive pessimism was unlikely to lead to workers rushing to the barricades. As International Metalworkers Federation general secretary, Herman Rebhan, noted: 'Dividing up scarcity is something unions are not much good at'. □

FALKLANDS WAR

ANOTHER ISLAND IN ANTARCTICA

Last week the *New Statesman* revealed that Britain had done secret deals with the military dictatorship in Chile during the Falklands War. One concession, in return for help against Argentina, was the handing over of a British base in Antarctica to Chile. Brian Wilson sets out the issues at stake

THE BRITISH BASE on Adelaide Island has not been used for eight years and consists of little more than half-a-dozen huts, a generator, and an airstrip. However, it is situated in the most politically sensitive area of Antarctica, 1,000 miles from the Falklands and roughly equidistant from the tips of Chile and Argentina.

These two countries are involved in competing claims in this region of Antarctica. The British government's position, as set out in a recent parliamentary reply to Tam Dalyell MP, is that 'Chile has accepted that its assumption of responsibility for the facilities at the Adelaide station is within the framework of the provisions of the Antarctic treaty.' The

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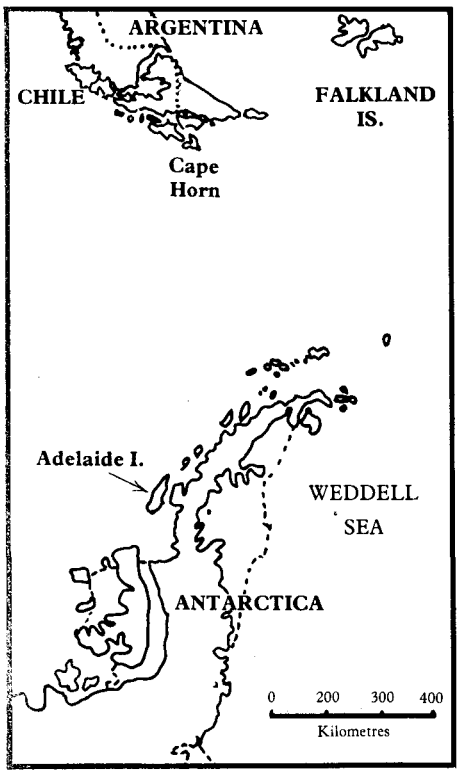

treaty is due for possible renegotiation in 1991.

In other words, no future claim by Chile is enhanced through this change in control of the Adelaide base. It is doubtful, however, if the matter is seen in such strictly legalistic terms either in Buenos Aires or in Santiago. Dr Richard Laws, director of the British Antarctic Expedition, says: 'The Chileans may have worked it out differently. They may think that they will be in a stronger position when the treaty comes to an end.'

The British Antarctic expedition had a pragmatic reason for supporting the handing over of the Adelaide Island base to the Chileans. Since its closure, the British have been operating from a bigger scientific base 30 miles away at Rothera. Chilean planes have been using the new British base with such regularity that the scientists are pleased to see them removed to what is now a base of their own at Adelaide Island.

The Chileans, unlike the Argentinians, are not seen by the British expedition as serious scientific researchers. They were using the Rothera base, and will now use Adelaide Island, to facilitate their efforts to fly over the South Pole — just so they can say they have done it, according to one British scientist.

The Antarctic peninsula adjacent to Adelaide Island has long been at the centre of international dispute. Dr Laws said: 'The fact that Britain is there at all is related to the development of the whaling industry, which began in 1904 in South Georgia.' The industry spread to the harbours of the peninsula and was followed by an oceanographic research programme which laid claim to Britain's scientific interest. 'The three countries — Chile, Argentina and Britain — then lodged claims,' Dr Laws says.

It is not definite that the Antarctic treaty, which came into force in 1961, will be reviewed in 1991; it depends on one of the signatories requesting a review. But if it does take place, then the long-standing and bitter territorial

ERITREA

'The refugees are dying at the rate of 25 to 30 a day . . . if there is any activity, it is only digging the cemetery . . . the condition of the newly arriving refugees in Kassala is beyond my capacity to express . . . one can say they are living as unhumans and dying like fish out of the sea . . . the Eritrean famine victims are without a cup of milk or anti-malaria tablets to save their life . . . their animal stocks are falling down just like dry leaves.'

Report by Dr Mohamed Said Sabir, of the Eritrean Relief Committee funded clinic at Kassala

FAMINE AND GENOCIDE

AS FAMINE grips the Horn of Africa, the Eritrean people are amongst those suffering the most. More than half a million have fled for refuge into Sudan, itself stricken by the famine. Those inside Eritrea also face the daily threat of military offensives and bombing raids by the Ethiopian Army.

Because Eritrea was illegally annexed by Ethiopia in 1962, you probably assume that the 3.5 million Eritreans are receiving some of the food aid sent recently to Ethiopia. For those living in areas liberated from Ethiopian control, this is not so.

Ethiopia recently seized Australian food aid specifically destined for the Eritrean people. And, as recent TV news reports have shown, the Ethiopian Army continues its campaigns to suppress our struggle for freedom.

The international aid agencies, working through Ethiopia, are denied access to most of Eritrea. If they try to help, they run the risk of being expelled from Ethiopia itself.

There is a way to help, and one which we hope you will support. If our people are to survive the combined impact of war and famine, aid must be channelled directly into Eritrea, and to the refugees, through our own relief and welfare agencies.

The Eritrean Relief Committee (United Kingdom) exists to raise funds for its parent-body, the Eritrean Relief Committee. From its Khartoum headquarters, the Committee supports and runs a whole range of projects amongst the refugees and inside liberated Eritrea, most importantly in famine relief.

Help them to stay alive in '85

A simple, practical way to help is by completing the Bankers Order form below, for a regular monthly donation throughout 1985. Please complete the form and post it today. If you prefer, we are pleased to accept any donations.

COMPLETE this form and send to:
Eritrean Relief Committee, 13A Hillgate Street, London W8 7SP.

BANK STANDING ORDER

To: The Manager ..... Bank PLC,

(Address of Bank) .....

.....

Please pay to 16-00-82 WILLIAMS AND GLYNS BANK, Notting Hill Gate. Account: Eritrean Relief Committee A/c 14063698

The sum of £ ....., the first payment to be made on (date) ....., and 11 subsequent payments on the same day of each month and debit my/our current Bank account No .....

DONOR Number ..... (To be inserted by ERC).
Please quote this reference on all payments.

Signature(s) .....

Address .....

.....

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rivalries between Argentina and Chile are likely to centre on this promontory of Antarctica. Mr Dalyell says it is 'a disgrace' that Britain has handed an advantage to Chile, without the matter coming before parliament.

The parties to the Antarctic treaty are Argentina, Australia, Belgium, Chile, France, Japan, New Zealand, Norway, South Africa, Soviet Union, United Kingdom, United States, Poland, and West Germany. The original treaty 'froze' sovereignty claims and recognised the area as international for purposes of peaceful research and co-operation. These ideals may come under increasing pressure as 1991 approaches and as exploration reveals more mineral wealth.

Other pressure comes from Third World countries. Malaysia recently took the lead in trying to set up an UN Antarctic committee. The whole matter was deferred until later this year. Malaysia and many other Third World countries think that Antarctica should be the common heritage of all people, and that if things carry on as they are there is a danger of the region's resources being carved up among advanced industrial countries.

Leaving aside the complexities of Antarctic politics and the strategic importance of the region, about which a great deal will be heard as 1991 draws nigh, the reality is that Britain has presented Chile with a modest coup in the region and the Argentinian goverment with an irritation and embarrassment. □

CHINA

A LIFE'S WORK FOR THE PARTY

Jonathan Mirsky interviewed an Anglo-Chinese couple whose lives and tribulations reflect the whole history of Communist China

CHINESE intellectuals have endured much on the roller coaster of Communist politics. Gladys and Xianyi Yang climbed aboard in 1949 when Mao came to power, and despite lurches and narrow escapes they are still hanging on.

For 30 years they have been the leading interpreters of Chinese literature to the West. After periods of being suspected as foreign spies, being imprisoned, and grieving the violent death of a son, the Yangs have now coasted into positions of national honour as 'senior intellectuals'. They have just spent a term at Oxford where they met almost 50 years ago – he is now 70, she is 65. While at Oxford they dedicated themselves to China which they will never abandon, no matter how disdainfully it treats people like them.

Xianyi's grandfather was a powerful mandarin of the Manchu dynasty. His banker father was 'a rich young master with plenty of money,' Xianyi recalls. 'When he was young he went to Japan, had a good time, fell in with geishas, and learned to smoke opium which he later gave up. He wrote a lot of poems we found years later in a drawer'. Xianyi's father had three wives; one disappeared. The other two co-existed amiably in adjoining courtyards of the Yang mansion in northeastern Tiantsin. In 1934, after missionary school, Xianyi came to London. Within six months he had mastered sufficient Greek and Latin to read Classical Moderations at Merton College, Oxford. After two years he switched to English.

When they met, in 1936, Gladys was reading Chinese. Born of missionary parents in Peking, she had come to England as a child – 'but I remembered the Peking smells' – and was sent to boarding school. 'Those 10 years in boarding school helped me to survive solitary confinement during the Cultural Revolution.'

In 1939 they decided to marry. Both families were aghast. Xianyi says, 'I went down to London to see Gladys's mother. She hated the whole thing. Her daughter wanted to marry a smoking, drinking heathen. It would end, our marriage, in four years. I wrote to my own family. Silence. Later I learned there had been total consternation.'

The Yangs returned to China in 1940, a bad time. The Japanese were occupying most of the north and east and the Chiang Kaishek government had fled to its war-time capital Chungking, in Sichuan. The Yangs, soon with an infant son, moved from one city to another, teaching English in universities, and translating. 'We became disgusted with the government,' says Xianyi. 'We hoped the Communists might be better. I joined the underground. Gladys didn't know I was mixed up in that. I could have been shot.'

They moved to Peking in 1952, less than three years after the Communist victory, and joined the Foreign Languages Press, which has employed them ever since; Gladys as its most famous translator, Xianyi, eventually as chief editor of the English-language magazine, *Chinese Literature*.

BEGINNING in the early '50s Mao began the general persecution of artists, writers, and intellectuals, which continued until his death in 1976 (and flared again as recently as October 1983). Tens of thousands were killed. Many killed themselves. 'We have applied to intellectuals methods of punishment, which peasants would not apply to landlords and workers would not apply to capitalists,' a professor wrote to Mao in 1957. He was soon arrested. Yang admits that until that year 'we thought it was OK, as long as not too many innocent people were harmed. We honestly believed the main targets were saboteurs, baddies with "dirty pasts". Mao said so. But when the anti-Rightist campaign began in 1957 I started to have doubts. Too many of my innocent friends were involved. I said so-and-so was not a baddy. I was criticized for not trusting the Party's investigations.'

More doubts set in for Xianyi when the break came in 1960 between the Chinese and the Soviets. 'I was quite firm about my Marx-Leninism. I deplored the split. I wrote secret poems praising the Krushchev line on co-existence. When they were found during the Cultural Revolution I was denounced as a revisionist.'

Few Chinese intellectuals escaped the greatest purge of all, the Cultural Revolution, 1966-1976. In 1968 the Yangs were dragged out in the night to a Peking prison – 'a very solid building,' Xianyi dryly observes – accused without trial of being British spies. Gladys spent four years in solitary. 'I thought it was all a stupid mistake,' she says. 'I asked to be with other women. I'd have gone out of my mind if I'd known it would be four years. I had good food, and read *Das Kapital* and radical western magazines. If this looks like happening again I'm going to memorize a lot of poetry.'

Xianyi passed his four years in a cell with 20 others. 'I learned a lot of street slang. We had buns and soup twice a day and all rolled up together at night. For four years we had nothing to do but study Chairman Mao's thoughts and read the Party newspaper.'

Although the Yangs were never allowed to meet, as Xianyi puts it 'sometimes when one had a bath one glimpsed certain other people through cracks in the wall'. But they were without news of their son and two daughters who were labouring in the countryside. 'None of us really knew if the others were dead or alive,' says Xianyi. In 1972 the Yangs were both abruptly released. Six months later a Public Security official came by to apologize. Gladys remembers 'it was like listening to our own obituaries'. But it had been too much for their son. Insane, beyond his parents help, he was sent to Gladys's sister in London, where he burned himself to death.

THEY RETURNED to translating, avoiding anything political, and eventually completed their translation of the great 18th century novel, *Dream of the Red Chamber*. Gladys still translates modern fiction. She is plain-spoken about much of it. 'It's crude, badly written, badly phrased. But there are signs of hope.' She is equally blunt about Chinese women who she believes are unfairly treated in education and employment, and with little chance of reaching top political positions. She takes a special interest in spinsters, who Chinese people still treat as unnatural outcasts.

Despite what he quaintly calls 'the vicissitudes of the last 30 years,' Xianyi still looks to the Party for 'the green light' or guidance. 'Everything in China is laid down by the Party. Its word is law. Literature is no exception. That doesn't bother me. Writers are workers like everyone else. But the Party makes mistakes. Even the old man, Mao, made plenty of them, all the way back to Liberation. But now we can say and write honest things.'

What about the Party's dictum, first laid down by Mao in 1942, that writers must be positive, criticising the adversaries of current policies, and making bright those who uphold them? The dictum is still in force; only a month ago, cadres were commanded 'to improve and strengthen Party leadership over literature,' and writers were told 'to study and creatively apply the basic principles of Marxism, and in particular apply the viewpoint of dialectical and historical materialism...'

Yang Xianyi takes the long view. 'China is getting better and better. Of course we have problems. They are reflected in our literature. But there is always a bit of moral uplift. The Chinese have always looked to their writers for that. . .' Would he then advise a young English writer, too, that novels should end optimistically? 'Oh, no. Not here. We feel that if a society deserves to go under, that's different.' □

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LETTERS

The miners — fighting for us all

Tim Butler, Ramsey, nr Harwich, Essex

It is lucky for us that nobody who matters in the coal strike is going to take much notice of the outpourings in your pages of socialist intellectuals like Michael Ignatieff (*NS* 14 December) and Gavin Kitching (*NS* 25 January). Having apparently managed to restrain themselves for the first 10 months of the strike, they now feel obliged to tell us that it was all a ghastly mistake right from the start. It almost seems that they are telling us that the latest trade union legislation does not go far enough and that trade unionists should consider commissioning opinion polls to ensure that a majority of public opinion supports them before they call a strike.

To borrow from Kitching's militaristic language, there is the world of difference between preaching subversion in the midst of battle and analysing its outcome when it is all over. The strike is very much on with 60 per cent of the miners still out. It is increasingly clear that its outcome will be the single most important determinant of the shape of our society for many years to come. I do not deny that it is at a pivotal moment but that makes Kitching's article appear to me an even greater betrayal of what the striking miners and their families have undergone over the last 11 months. The portrayal of Scargill as the Pied Piper who has knowingly led his children away on false pretences seems to me both patronising and insulting to the solidarity of the strike.

I have a simple explanation as to how the battle lines were drawn which doubtless Ignatieff, Kitching et al would view as hopelessly crude and vulgar. It is that the Thatcher government has a mission to reform Britain by restructuring the economy to give pre-eminence to production and profit. To achieve this, much needs to be done away with — not least unprofitable production and the attitudes that go with it. Where better can this be symbolised than in the mining industry? Mr MacGregor was appointed for one purpose and that was to close down uneconomic pits. If this involved inflicting an extremely bloody nose on militant trade unionism in general and Mr Scargill in particular so much the better.

MacGregor's unilateral decision to close Cortonwood was therefore one that I understood as leaving the NUM no option but to respond if they wanted even to try and stop the wholesale slaughter of their industry and the communities it supported — to capitulate on Cortonwood was to capitulate on closures generally. Then was the time for Kitching, Ignatieff et al to voice their fears but I do not recall them doing so.

It saddens me greatly that people whose ideas I have respected can now only serve up the well worn clichés about the will of the people and megalomaniacal leaders. For my part, I welcome Raphael Samuel's 'uplifting descriptions of the struggles in the mining villages' and I will save any post mortems until such time as the strike is over — one way or the other. Intellectuals are not above the struggle against the economic and ideological policies of this government. Sir Keith Joseph's single-minded efforts to eradicate Sociology teaching at the Polytechnic of North London are not very different from Mrs Thatcher's crusade against the NUM. Does Kitching want the rest of us to wait until the 'huge latent sympathy' for sociologists is mobilised before we come to their support?

Sterling facts

Donald Roy, London SW15

Gavyn Davies (*NS* 25 January) is right to claim that 'currency valuation based on "purchasing power parity". . . is not subject to the problems of arbitrariness which plague most alternative calculations of the "real" exchange rate.' However, that applies only to its used for general price comparisons.

To establish whether the United Kingdom (or anywhere else) is competitive in cost terms in the tradable sectors of the economy, a less general and more arbitrary procedure has to be used — as has been done by the National Institute for Economic and Social Research. This starts from specific 'purchasing power parities' for traded goods, establishes value added on a common price basis, calculates productivity and then compares unit labour costs.

The message from such studies is that United Kingdom costs are still out of line with those in the rest of Western Europe (less so against Germany than elsewhere) and above those in Japan and Korea (even after allowing for shipping costs). If one wants sterling to support, though not necessarily initiate, economic recovery, then a further depreciation of 10-15 per cent on a trade-weighted basis would be justified.

Greenham appeal

Marna Glyn, Elizabeth Nussbaum, Alan Thornhill, London SW15

It is about a year since you published our last letter appealing for funds for the Greenham Women. Thanks to the generosity of your readers and others we were able to provide vans for two camps and to maintain them up to now. Without these vehicles the survival of the camps would have been infinitely more difficult.

Unfortunately, one of the vans is now defunct and more money is needed to replace it, and for the future maintenance.

Sympathisers will have no difficulty in imagining what life is like at Greenham Common in these weather conditions. Will they therefore please send whatever they can afford to **Help Greenham, 6 Gwendolen Avenue, London SW15.**

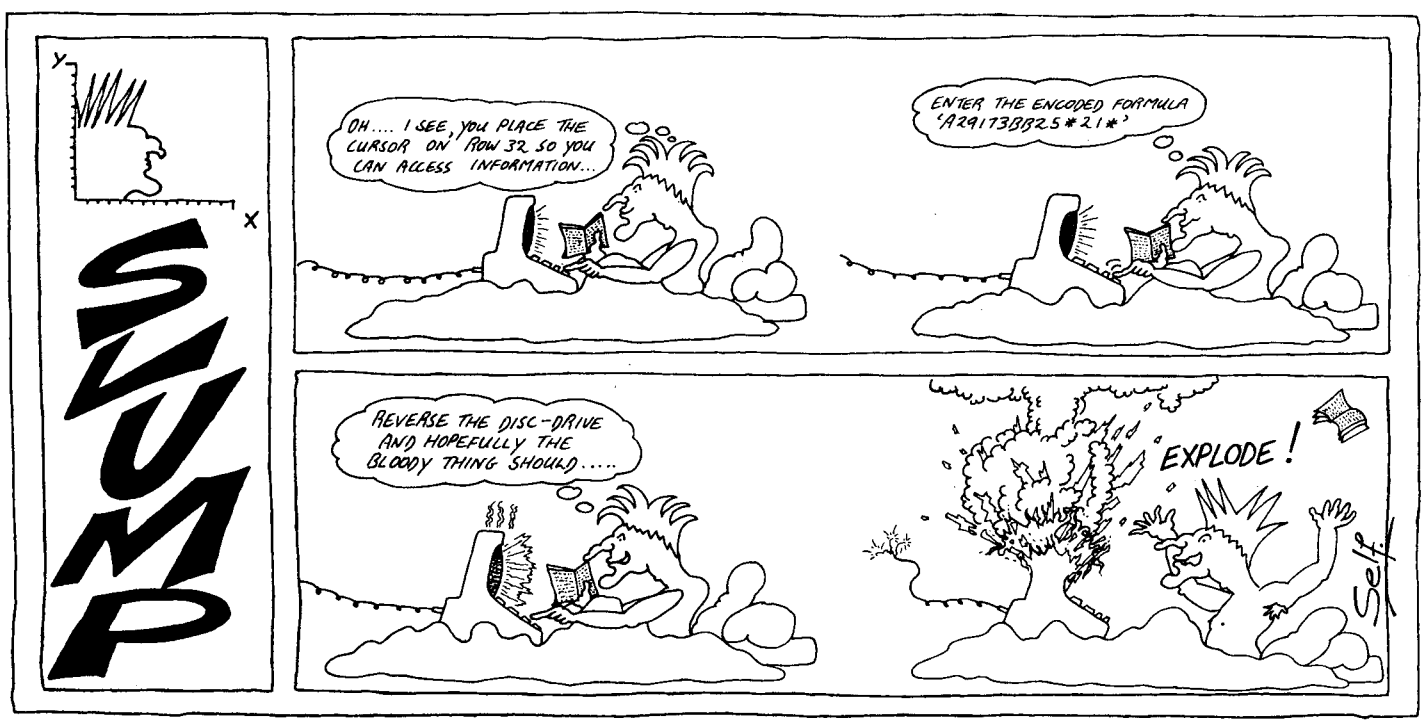
Another urgent need is for dry firewood which should be delivered direct to the camps.

Tribune: for the record

Rt Hon. John Silkin MP, House of Commons

The trouble with Mr Mullin is that he is forever telling fairy stories and casting himself in the role of the fairy princess.

In his latest work of fiction (*NS* 11 & 18 January) I am cast in the role of the dragon. The truth however, is less romantic and more


Y
X
SUMP
OH.... I SEE, YOU PLACE THE CURSOR ON ROW 32 SO YOU CAN ACCESS INFORMATION...
ENTER THE ENCODED FORMULA 'A291738825*21*'
REVERSE THE DISC-DRIVE AND HOPEFULLY THE BLOODY THING SHOULD.....
EXPLODE!
Self

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distasteful. It is simply that he and others wrongfully allotted themselves shares in the Company that owns *Tribune* and thus took it over. The only aim that I personally have had in this matter has been to bring *Tribune* back to the great influence it had before Mr Mullin's editorship, when it combined a hard-hitting approach with a lack of personal venom.

Sheila Noble, Tribune, *London WC1*

To answer in details all the distortions and untruths in the outrageous article by Carl James and Chris Jones (*NS* 25 January) would take up an entire issue of the *New Statesman*. However, having acted as *Tribune*'s letters editor during Chris Mullin's period as editor, I take particular exception to their groundless assertion that 'criticism of Tony Benn in readers' letters was edited out before publication'. Such censorship has never ocurred in my 20 years of working on the paper.

Shifting pantheon

Stephen Brook, London SW7

Mr Grigson, in upraiding me for a 'lie' in my review of his *Recollections* (Letters 18 January), has misquoted me. I did not say that his *book* was 'populated almost exclusively by dead BBC talks producers'; I wrote that his pantheon was. Apart from the very much alive Mr Grigson, six radio producers are mentioned in his book. Since he himself worked for the BBC that is hardly surprising. It surprises me, however, that he should respond so indignantly (and inaccurately) to that passing observation, when the rest of the review makes it abundantly clear that Mr Grigson's circle extended well beyond the walls of Broadcasting House.

Post mortem for a computer

Phillip Oppenheim MP, House of Commons

I felt that your overview of the Tycom debacle (*NS* 4 January) was pretty fair.

Unfortunately, you allowed Timpany, in the last paragraph, to create a misleading impression of the British microcomputer industry. By whingeing that Tycom never had a chance because of IBM, he overlooks the success of many British companies who are competing successfully in this market. The difference between them and Tycom is that they have good products which they got to the market on time and which they managed to market without the ludicrous hype by Tycom.

SIR ALFRED SHERMAN

In a Miscellany item headed 'Knight train' in the *New Statesman* of 17 June 1983 allegations were made that Sir Alfred Sherman, the former Director of Studies of the Centre for Policy Studies, had regularly taken advantage of his imputed influence with the Prime Minister to impose himself and his views upon Sir Peter Parker, the then Chairman of British Rail. It was suggested that Sir Alfred Sherman's views were most unwelcome to Sir Peter Parker, who would accordingly be relieved when he retired as Chairman of British Rail so that he would no longer have to endure Sir Alfred Sherman's lectures. We accept that these allegations were without foundation and apologise to Sir Alfred Sherman for any distress and embarrassment which he may have been caused.

FEEDBACK

Crime and policing on Merseyside

WHEN LABOUR regained control of Merseyside County Council in May 1981 its policy document and manifesto commitments on policing were said to be the most comprehensive ever put before a British electorate. If that was an exaggerated claim it says more about the lack of discussion and cohesive policy on policing in the British labour movement than it does about that three-page document.

The first three paragraphs ran:

> The aim of the Labour Party's policy is to ensure that we have a truly accountable police force, dedicated to the maintenance of the public peace on the basis of a fundamental respect for the liberty of the individual.
>
> This aim can only be achieved on one condition, that the public have confidence in the manner in which the police exercise the very considerable powers delegated to them. Recent experiences suggest that the increasing size and sophistication of our modern forces are in danger of undermining this principle. The police seem to be increasingly remote from the public, even, on occasion, alien to them. While we are committed, therefore, to the provision of a strong and effective police force, we are emphatic that it must be one which is firmly under democratic control and highly sensitive to the feelings and needs of the local community which it exists to serve.
>
> This does not mean that we have any intention of breaching the tradition of the British police, that they must be independent of day-to-day politics and free from misuse by party politicians for their own ends. On the contrary, we will do our utmost to preserve that tradition and to prevent it from being subverted by the creation of powerful police forces which control, rather than are controlled, by the people.

Within months of being elected the riots had taken place and policing had shot to the top of the political agenda. Despite fluctuations in the prominence of the issue since 1981, as the recession has deepened so central government has more blatantly used the police as a means of social control culminating at present in the clear use of the police in an attempt to break the miners' strike.

In the past Tories have used the 'law and order' issue to great effect and it has gained them much support. However, the time is now ripe to regain the initiative by attempting to restrict the Tory use of the police as a political strike force and to use them instead to provide a service for working-class people.

Once one rejects the nihilism of some on the Left who reject organised police forces and call for their replacement by a citizen's militia, there remains the question of how to define an acceptable role for the police forces that exist and ensuring that they carry out the role.

Working for the legislative changes necessary for the democratic determination of policing policies, and also attempting to achieve the maximum democratic influence possible under existing legislation are not mutually exclusive. The Merseyside Police Committee (the Police Authority for the County) has attempted to move forward on both fronts.

We believe that, if 'law and order' in a divisive issue within the working class, it is because while the government's main priority for the high-paid, high-technology police force is to break the organised labour movement, the crime survey (Kinsey & Young, *NS* 11 January) indicates that present police practices are powerless to protect those people who suffer most frequently from crime and for whom losses are most serious.

Merseyside County Council and its Police Committee are attempting to show the way forward to a solution of this problem. A Home Office Circular published in November 1983 (114/83) called for police authorities and Chief Constables to agree jointly objectives and priorities for the police. The Police Committee worked long and hard to achieve a jointly agreed statement but failed because of the Chief Constable's insistence on his sole right to establish policy 'after consultation'. The Committee has now prepared its own objectives and priorities for the police based largely on the results of the Merseyside Crime Survey. The Survey enables us to make claims not just as politicians but as politicians backed by the unarguable views of the public.

For example, in terms of police tasks we have given priority to, first, emergency response, while recognising that a system of graded response is necessary to prevent over-commitment of resources to 'fire-brigade' policing; second, to the investigation of crime and, third, to the return of foot patrols.

It is now for the Police Committee to structure a budget which moves the police, hopefully with their co-operation, towards carrying out these and other objectives. The central aim should be to return police to foot patrols with a clear mandate to investigate crime so that it does not result simply in an increase in stop-and-search and other forms of provocative 'pro-active' policing which frequently result in the harassment of youth. Such a change would have an uncertain impact on official crime rates but could dramatically improve the quality of life of those on whom the impact of both the reality and the fear of crime is greatest.

In doing this the Police Authority will be using to the full powers it may or may not have under the 1964 Police Act. If we fail we will have proved conclusively that tinkering with the legislation will not work and that it must be swept away.

Unfortunately, the present government intends to abolish the Metropolitan County Councils. The proposed Joint Boards with their unrepresentative structure, infinite potential for inter-council wrangling and Whitehall-made budgets will destroy any hope of democratic influence over policing for almost a quarter of the population. We hope they will not succeed.

John George

Councillor John George is a member of the Police Committee of Merseyside County Council.

Correction: a wrong figure was printed in Richard Kinsey & Jock Young's article. In inner-city Liverpool 25% of the population have been victims of burglary or an attempted burglary, not 45%.

NEXT WEEK: The miners' strike. Michael Ignatieff replies to his critics.

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Sam Maynard

YOU'LL NEVER CHANGE THESE PEOPLE

Eachann Domhnallach, aka Hector MacDonald, muses from the Isle of Lewis on the inspiration of the Falkland Islands, the speaking of Gaelic and offers his solution for world peace

Sam Maynard

THANK YOU, Dear Editor, for your invitation to contribute to your New Testament. For several hours I've worried desperately about how I should introduce the crofting style of writing to this journal's readers. How should a Gaelic Diarist of an offshore paper address the sophisticated (and at 80p a shot obviously wealthy) readership of a national publication. Should he attempt to conform to your far from simple form of English or chance the plain but frightfully quaint Hebridean style? One does not want to surface alarmingly in suburban drawing rooms like a hairy Glaswegian blasphemer in Nether Wallop.

With these considerations in mind I embarked on an acclimatization tour of back copies and to be truthful, between Bishops and Sociologists, I feel a little uncomfortable. It is not easy, you know, being the 80,000th part of an ethnic minority. Neither is it easy to find past issues of the *New Statesman*. Occasionally I see one displayed in our local newsagent's but I suspect it serves only to remind customers that the owner of the shop once stood as parliamentary Labour candidate, and may be planning another assault on the seat when the present somnolent incumbent moves to the House of Lords. (Rumour, you see, is almost as important an ingredient in our enjoyment of life here as it is in London).

But I guess similarities with London were not what you wanted me to illustrate; you hoped for differences and there are many. And if you'll bear with me I'll

Above: the Hebrides — ancient and modern: first harvest from his fish farm for the author (right) and (below) an older citizen of Lewis.

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eventually get round to them. It may take several issues. Sure, that's the way we are in Gaeldom, slow but delightfully quaint.

It is never easy to spot the difference when you are the different one but I've come to realise we must *somehow* be different. I know this is true because 1,000 times I've heard mainlanders (and people like that) say 'you'll never change these people.' One thousand people cannot all be wrong so there must be some need for change and as most of these reformers seemed very pleased with themselves we must not only be different but undesirably different. The phrase 'You'll never change these people' has been heard so often that even *we* go around saying: 'They'll never change *us*.'

When I mentioned mainlanders back there I had Eastern and Lowland Scots more in mind than the English who do not for the most part care to identify tribal differences in lesser breeds. Each would-be reformer has his own ideas of what particular change he would bring about. The man from the fertile eastern flatlands thinks we are lazy. He sees the Hebridean as an idle layabout who could transform his habitat of barren rock and peatbog into a green slice of Fife if he could be bothered.

There is another notion in certain quarters that the man in the West is a romantic drunken dreamer who scorns material accretion and who whiles his day away singing and writing Gaelic poetry. This is an image that appeals to me and I'm working on it, especially the first part. But even the drunken image has taken a knock recently. A team of investigators from Aberdeen University came to the conclusion we were nowhere near the top of the league. Another myth destroyed. They should have known that where 60 per cent of the population is teetotal it is difficult statistically to make the first division of alcoholics, even if the remaining 40 per cent are suicidal.

Another view of the Islander, and a very understandable one, is, or was, the Lowland city dweller's. The Glaswegian working man, almost certainly a Gael twice removed, saw The Islander and West Highlander as a clannish, suspicious conspirator who preferred and sought the company of other Teuchters whenever possible. This can be partly explained by the Highlander's fear that every Glaswegian carried a razor for purposes other than the removal of facial hair. But, the simpler, main reason for the Heilan man's eccentric behaviour was and still is the desire to speak his own language. And there you have the essential difference — language.

Often in my sea-going days I remember hearing, 'You West Coasters stick together like shit to a blanket'. An accurate observation but why should a Gael's preference for the company of those with whom he shared a common tongue be so much resented? A Norwegian would seek the company of Norwegians and presumably a Maldivian the company of Maldivians and this would seem quite natural and acceptable. If I were to meet the Director General of the BBC in London would it not be natural that we should, at the risk of being talked about, slip into a quiet corner to talk about the oul ways in the oul tongue? Of course it would and who could blame us?

THE PROBLEM is we are not a separate nation. We are, after all, British, damn it. Why cling to this ancient and barbaric mode of communication? Why this stubborn determination to be different? There has to be something perverse about a tiny minority who could speak English if they wished but don't. They can speak English when applying for the dole, which I suspect, has caused the Tory member Bill Walker and his friends many a sleepless night.

I've just heard the man make some outrageous statements on Radio Scotland, one statement in particular so loaded with bitterness and racial prejudice that had it been made by any other member of the House of Commons the small Gaelic nation would have a strong case for the race relations board. But coming from such a well known source of ignorance one doesn't feel threatened or insulted.

The programme, one of these frustrating phone-ins to which no one ever gets through, purported to deal with the subject of the Falkland Islands and starred Mr Bill Walker himself. When someone complained of the three or four million pounds being squandered daily in the Falklands, the financial genius Walker was ready for him. 'No one' said Walker, 'counts the cost of development in the Western Isles.' We can safely assume he was not referring to the £40 million being spent on Stornoway's new NATO base. He made it fairly clear that what he objected to was the much publicised EEC-funded islands development programme the cost of which, over five years, amounts to less than one week of spending by the British government in the Falklands.

It is possible that Mr Walker regrets development funds and subsidies being directed towards crofters when these handouts could be channelled into their natural and traditional destination — the pockets of his friends, successful, but perpetually hard pressed Big Farmers. And here we have an example of the man's lack of political acumen. He cannot see that Little Crofters can be developed into Little Farmers and therefore eventually Little Tories. Although Mr Walker's West Coast phobia seems to be all encompassing, I suspect the most painful thorn in his leathery hide is the Gaelic language. The language of bog peasants who refuse to change. How can he be certain what they spend the money on if he cannot understand them?

I have no space here for the re-education of red-necked Tory cavemen but there are a couple of snippets of information I feel I must divulge for their sweet irony. Some of the few remaining inhabitants of the Falkland Islands are descendants of Gaelic speaking Hebrideans who left these parts in desperation 80 years ago. (The shrewder emigrants sought and found lusher pastures in Argentina.) Another fact which may surprise our friend: bank branches in Stornoway handle more export trade transactions than any branch north of Glasgow. This important piece of commerce is mainly Harris tweed for America. The tweed starts its lowly life on the backs of our black-face sheep. We eat the rest of the animal. The Falklanders heroically heave theirs into the South Atlantic no doubt hoping they'll find their own overseas market. We would consider inviting Falklanders to settle here if they would try to control this practice of throwing sheep in the sea.

I only pass this little story on to you in the hope you will find some humour in the public revelation of Mr Walker's logic (although sad). I feel there is nothing wrong with the man that couldn't be cured if he tried to learn Gaelic. Gaelic is ideally suited to the needs of diplomacy. For a start, and what better one, there is no exact word for 'no' nor, more importantly, 'yes'. This naturally would lead to lengthy, perhaps endless, talking but what's wrong with that?

The possibility of peace on every front through the compulsory use of Gaelic is a real one. MacGregor and Scargill would not yet have got round to the openers leading to a preliminary discussion, but they would be well acquainted, perhaps drinking pals. This is not mere whimsy: I have the proof right here in the Western Isles. Where North and South meet in the island of Benbecula Protestants and Catholics mingle in perfect harmony. There can only be one explanation for this unique phenomenon — Gaelic. If the language has one blessed fault it is the shortage of a strong insulting vocabulary (which is why nowadays I have to rely on my meagre store of English sounds).

And of course Northern Ireland. How easily the whole mess could have been avoided if Protestant incomers had been encouraged to learn Gaelic and the natives allowed to retain it. Perhaps it is not too late. If I can give you another example of the healing properties of Gaelic: a fair proportion of the sizeable Pakistani community on the Isle of Lewis had the

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common (commercial) decency to learn the language. They are now happy and wealthy and even wiser. So why couldn't Ian Paisley make a similar effort? His terrifying image would be infinitely less terrifying if he spoke soft Gaelic instead of these harsh noises which are neither one thing nor the other.

I suggested this solution on a recent visit to the Irish Gaidhealtachd but they didn't take me seriously, probably because they were naturally suspicious of a Gaelic speaking Presbyterian. In Donegal I encountered several misundertandings of the political nature of the Scottish Gael. I was made welcome in a Gaidhealtachd radio station and invited to use their machinery to transmit my weekly message to the *West Highland Free Press*. No, I admitted, ours was not a nationalist paper. I told them that in our own quiet way, we reflected cautious approval of, and indeed on occasions, outspoken support for the Labour Party. I fear I detected a cooling in the atmosphere. But there was no time to explain the make up of the kilted tartan Tories who form the hard core of the SNP (and who don't speak Gaelic). It was easier to explain why the Western Isles return an alleged nationalist member of parliament. We parted on good terms

I wouldn't like to give the impression I am a bitter individual who has only met hostility to my language in my travels. In a Glasgow resturant:

'Zat German?'

'Se'

'Ah think tha's great, the way youse foreigners can speak foreign languages.'

Or further South: 'I say could you say something in gaylic. Fascinating. Fiowna, come and listen to this chappie.'

These things never bothered me much. Perhaps it would be unreasonable to expect these people to recognize the legitimacy of my language. It is just that I always somehow felt cheated.

WHEN I FIRST went to school at the age of five, 30-odd years ago, I left home in the morning with my own name, Eachann. I cannot remember clearly but I don't think I ever thought much about the name. I answered to it, and it seemed adequate. After the first school day I was released with the new name, Hector. My brother Calum became Malcolm which seems reasonable if you must have a new name, but Hector!! For God's sake I don't even look like one. Not quite as bad as the equivalent procedure in our largest, southern-most Island where every boy was re-christened James O'Donal with a fierce blow on the skull, but bad enough.

Personally I realise I am not the most sensitive of souls. The trauma of my new name left less of an impression than the shock, 12 years later, of learning that a North London landlady's idea of a main meal was one lamb chop. My responses are geared to more basic needs but consider what the loss of identity did to less robust personalities. The scars may only have been psychological but they are deep and long lasting. Rebels were born. Go further back to a previous generation's schooldays and horror stories worthy of the title emerge. The punishment for being heard to utter a word of Gaelic in or near the school took the form of a wooden collar to

Sam Maynard

Banned from the barren rock and peatbog of Lewis by absentee landlords

be worn round the neck until the wrath of God, in this case the village schoolmaster, was appeased.

The result of this oppression was that the language thrived, naturally. But it thrived quietly and that probably was how the illusion of conspiracy was created. Gaelic became a whispered language: 'quiet child there's a "gentleman" coming'. There is still considered to be no greater lapse in good manners than to speak Gaelic in the presence of a non-Gaelic speaker.

In the 1970s, 30 years too late, came some degree of official recognition, at least at local level. Perhaps that certain element within the Establishment we had always suspected still feared this lingering Irishry realised it *was* 30 years too late. Perhaps when 'they' met our member Donald Stewart (who doesn't speak the language) they realised there was little to fear after all. Perhaps 'they' did not even know what was happening in the outback.

However it came about, a small amount of money was made available through the local authority for a bi-lingual policy. Gaelic books for children appeared and Gaelic was taught in primary schools. But the struggle to put these revolutionary ideas into practice was not easy. The quiet sector on an 'independent' council made predictable responses. One old worthy was of the opinion 'that if you attempt to teach a five year old two languages you will split that child's head right down the middle'. Fortunately he couldn't bring himself to say it in public, presumably because he couldn't pronounce schizophrenia and he didn't want to be thought simple.

There is no need to remind anyone what has happened to local government finance since these heady days. Our Harris Tweed is in, what is called in English, a boom situation. In Gaelic it means there are not enough weavers to cope with the orders for tweed. Yet there is no cash available to train young weavers. What chance of money to save a language? A fat one I suppose. (Strange language, English.)

From the moment English came to be spoken loudly and continuously in our homes with the arrival of television (late of course but then that is the way...) I don't suppose there was much hope. Ironically our best friend now is the BBC, but have they gone too far? Traditionally the fortnightly half hour of Gaelic transmission took place around midnight; now we have a weekly current affairs programme from BBC 2 at eight o'clock in the evening. This is surely the depth of bad manners. Will it not offend five million Scottish monoglots who didn't pay a license fee to be assailed in their own living rooms by foreign sounds and red Gaelic faces? Were we not taught better than that?

I had hoped for more when this government 'took over'. Had they resorted to a total ban on the language that might have done the trick. Every sweet Gaelic sound would, overnight, have become imbued with the mysterious attraction of the 'Landlord's' salmon. Reflecting on the thoughts of Bill Walker, an even greater boost and one that certainly would have released the sort of money we cannot afford would have been an Argentinian invasion. We would have been transformed into deserving little Gaelic heroes and encouraged to promote the language of heroes. If that seems improbable there is still a chance the Irish might want to colonise us or the oil to the west. Failing that we can only hope our distant cousin the Welshman will one day be in a position to lend a hand.

But what does all this matter. The death of Gaelic would have no meaning because there would of course be no Gaels to grieve.

Yours pessimistically,
Eachann Domhnallach □

Hector MacDonald writes for the West Highland Free Press.

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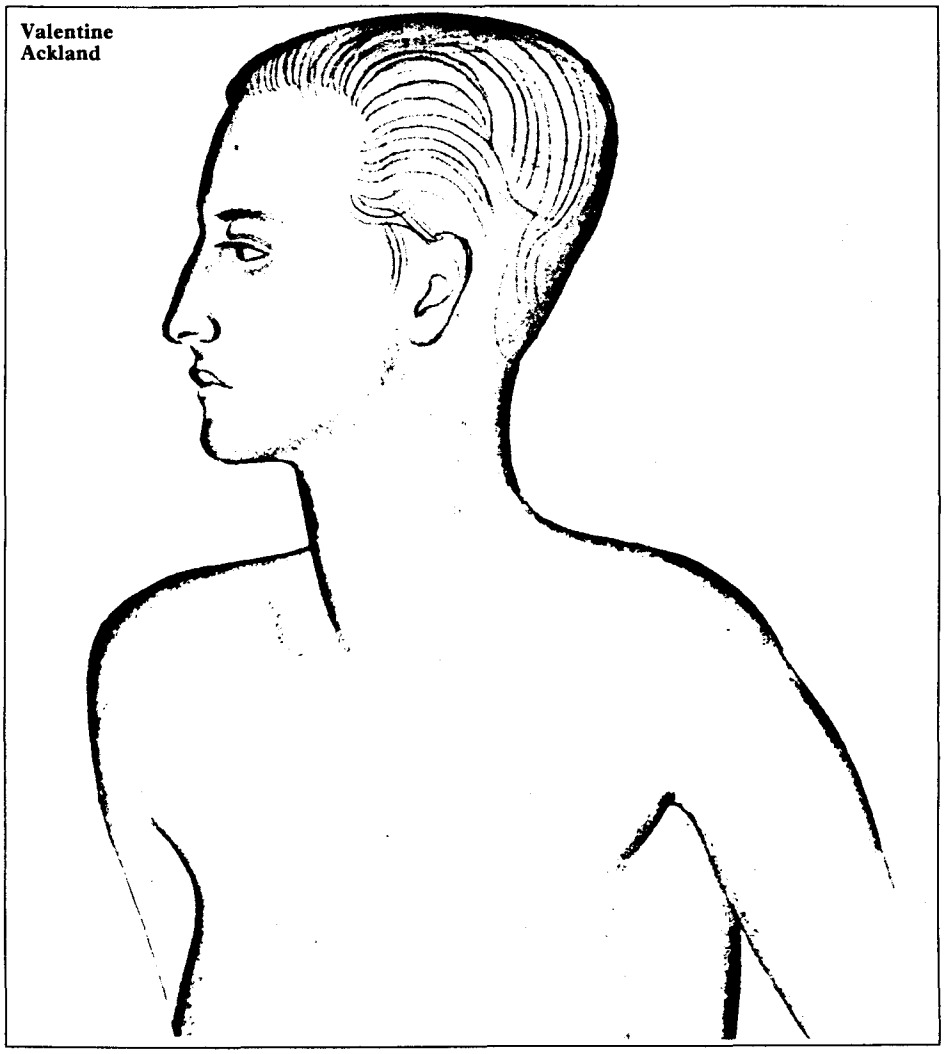
Other people

Alison Hennegan

For Sylvia: An Honest Account
VALENTINE ACKLAND *Chatto* £8.95



Valentine Ackland

Eric Gill

I DOUBT IF even the young Victoria pursued virtue more passionately than Valentine Ackland. This 'honest account', written for Sylvia Townsend Warner, her friend and lover for more than 40 years, records a constant battle to 'be good'. Most people didn't see it that way: her story overflows with furious fathers, fearful mothers, scornful sisters, irate Jesuits, sorrowful confessors, lacerated lovers, contemptuous doctors and a large supporting cast of exasperated if affectionate friends.

'I wonder', Ackland asks herself, 'if anyone in the world was ever so idiotically vile as I was for the best part of my youth.' Wrenched out of context the question may sound distastefully self-dramatising. It comes at a point when the 19-year-old Ackland has just agreed to become engaged. She's already engaged to another man and due to join him in Java in three months' time. For the past year she's been extremely happy with X, her woman lover, and will be for the next five years, though neither her first nor second fiancé knows anything about that. Nor do her parents, which is just as well since their always volatile household had been rocked to its foundations three years earlier in 1922 by Valentine and her older schoolfriend, Lana: 'Quite like lovers', cooed Lana's mother. As, indeed, they were.

Exposed by Ackland's compulsively malicious older sister, the unhappy couple found themselves buffeted by parental wrath, incredulous disgust and utter confusion. It was confusion worse confounded by the fact that neither side understood the other's frame of reference. Valentine talked of happiness and love while her father talked of filth and unnatural vice. Valentine recalled the pastoral amours of Daphnis and Chloë while her father's choleric brain spewed yet more lurid fantasies dredged from the footnotes of his medical textbooks. Lana's mother wept that only marriage could save her now: Valentine's father swore no decent man would marry her if he knew. In a desperate reclamation bid, Ackland's parents despatched her hastily to a Domestic Training College in Eastbourne which proved to be a bed of vice so hot that it first rivalled then outstripped her father's most perfervid fears. All of which was ironic in the extreme since Valentine and Lana had done no more than hug and kiss.

So slight a cause, it seems, of blindness and insanity, both of which, her expert father assured her, were now inevitable:

> I believed this. In a kind of cold reasonableness, I tried to teach myself to type and play the piano with my eyes shut against the time I should be blind. But the madness I could not think how to prepare for; and yet it seemed always more sure to come.

The tone — lucid, elegant, seemingly cool but taut with concentrated emotion — remains constant for much of a book which has plenty more horrors in store: an unconsummated marriage undertaken by two equally inexperienced and confused young people; a surgical deflowering, demanded by some particularly unpleasant priests who also urged a speedy pregnancy despite a (woman) doctor's warning that it would be medically dangerous; and a series of hopelessly destructive relationships in which Ackland seems to watch unmoved the pain she causes. It is that last — pain inflicted quixotically, on a whim — which makes her condemn her 'idiotically vile' younger self.

Yet her relationship with her 'self' had been perilous for years, as her account makes movingly clear. An initially confident child became convinced of her own unlovability, unable to believe in her right to love or be loved, desperate to find '*one person*' who'd love her, terrified of the dependence such a person would arouse. By adolescence she was frighteningly ready to believe anything said of her, provided it was hostile: anything favourable — what little there was after the Lana fiasco — went unheeded, unheard.

By her late teens she had 'a drink problem': by her early twenties she was dependent on alcohol. At 24 she met Sylvia Townsend Warner and shortly afterwards they became lovers. It was to be 19 years before Valentine told an astounded Sylvia that she'd been drinking compulsively throughout their life together. During that time, and before, she'd sought medical advice and had been variously dismissed, ignored and lectured, but never helped. She stopped, alone, with the aid of an agnostic pledge given to a possibly existent deity: 'I swear to You that I will never drink again. And I know that that can't be true unless You are.' Eighteen months later she completed this book.

Ironically it was her love for Warner which made it impossible to seek help from her earlier:

> . . .love is so precious to the one who loves, so compassionate and chivalrous and headlong. I thought it would be blasphemous selfishness to look [to her] for help.

The blend of chivalric and religious language is familiar. We are in *The Well of Loneliness* country here. Stephen Gordon, Hall's austere heroine, never hits the bottle, yet there are things she shares with Valentine Ackland: a conversion to Catholicism; a mystical feeling for nature, birds and animals; an unfortunate tendency, rampant in Stephen but mercifully avoided by Valentine until her very last chapter, to grovelling self-abasement couched in quasi-Biblical cadences. But what they mostly share is the conflict between their own strong sense of their own naturalness and society's conviction of their abnormality. Disingenuously Ackland claims that since her lesbianism was natural and pleasurable to her, it could have nothing to do with her drinking. Yet, however great the private pleasures her early women lovers brought her (not only in love-making but in opening, as each did, whole worlds of books,

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poetry, art and music), each unavoidably brought, too, the risk of society's censure and rejection. Other people's anti-lesbianism almost certainly encouraged her alcoholism.

And other people's sexual confusion intensified her own. The young Valentine inhabited a world of bewildering contradictions. A dreary but intense procession of teenage governesses mooned through her childhood home, all desperately in love with her older sister: the family was bored but not unduly concerned. The sister mocked Valentine's early loves yet systematically attached the young women to herself. Lana's cooing mother both recognised and claimed not to have realised the bond between Valentine and her daughter. And, in the end, Valentine's all too 'knowing' father proved to know nothing at all. □

Tidying up

Michael Hofmann

Home Before Dark
SUSAN CHEEVER *Weidenfeld* £10.95

THE MORE I read of *Home Before Dark* ('A Personal Memoir of John Cheever by his Daughter'), the less certain I was about its intentions. An article in the *Guardian* seemed to promise passionate revelations. But the blurb talks about its 'brilliant restraint'. Better to say that it has none of the disadvantages of intimacy (chaos, obscurity, inconsistency, profusion, tongue-tiedness), but few of the advantages either: personality and concreteness of detail, insights that come from special understanding as well as special opportunity, beautiful or fierce or memorable writing. Instead, *Home Before Dark* is an almost dismayingly systematic book, a calm narrative, efficient, readable and well-mannered. Its 25 chapters don't leave out anything obvious, but they contain little that isn't.

James Atlas's biography of Delmore Schwartz is subtitled 'The Life of an American Poet' — he perceives the representative quality of the man's fate, as Saul Bellow does, for that matter, in *Humboldt's Gift*. There is nothing of that approach here, and perhaps one shouldn't look for it from Susan Cheever. But her father's life was every bit as generic as Schwartz's — only it followed the pattern not of Early Promise but of Late Success. He was born in Massachusetts in 1912 and, when the fortunes of his well-to-do family suffered an eclipse in the Wall Street Crash, he broke off his education and went to New York City to become a writer. His first story was published in 1930 in the *New Republic*. In 1935, one appeared in the *New Yorker*, the first of 119 in all: it was his magazine, as the *Saturday Evening Post* was Fitzgerald's. In 1941, he married Mary Winternitz — another lifelong association that was not without its share of difficulties for both parties.

In the next 20 years they had three children (of whom Susan, born in 1943, was the first), living first in and then just outside New York City. In 1961, following the success of his first novel, *The Wapshot Chronicle*, they bought a large house in Ossining, overlooking the Hudson River. There followed a period of productivity and acclaim — prizes and fellowships, foreign travel, a weekend with Hugh Hefner at the Playboy Mansion and a reception from LBJ at the White House — but also of increasing private turmoil. His grown-up children joked 'Will success spoil John Cheever?' but he was losing the three struggles of his life: with his marriage, with alcohol and with his latent or closet homosexuality. After ill-health, hospitalisation and Alcoholics Anonymous put an end to the first two, his love-affairs with young men continued to his death in 1982.

This, and in such bold lines, is substantially the story Susan Cheever tells. Circumstances and details are filled in — background, ancestry, family relationships, pets (he loved big dogs, hated small dogs and cats), depressions, money worries and so on. But where these are not 'got up', they are very often details of a convenient size — not, as Robert Lowell says, 'the true and insignificant'. Tense and important moments are impaired by her inability to find such details in her prose, which is often inexact, with poor rhythms and shallow images. Here, she — who was a published novelist in her father's lifetime — is perhaps being self-effacing, and refusing to imitate or compete with him. No writing of hers is as immaculate as his tetchy description of the *New Yorker*, 'a blameless, monolithic and capricious organization, hobbled it seems by its own prosperity'. She is thus doubly generous in quoting so extensively from his journal. This is 1969:

> My incantation has changed. I am no longer sitting under an apple tree in clean chinos reading. I am sitting naked in the yellow chair in the dining room. In my hand there is a large crystal glass filled to the brim with honey coloured whiskey. There are two ice cubes in the whiskey. I am smoking six or seven cigarettes and thinking contentedly about my interesting travels in Egypt and Russia. When the glass is empty I fill it again with ice and whiskey and light another cigarette although there are several burning in the ashtray. I am sitting naked in a yellow chair drinking whiskey and smoking six or seven cigarettes.

But then most books would be the better for the introduction of that passage.

It may be that I have been a little hard on *Home Before Dark*. In a way it is an achievement to have produced something so tidy from such a profusion of a subject. But I would have welcomed a more dazzling, chaotic book, one with more of Plath's 'Daddy' in it, confrontational, mysterious and competitive if need be. In her preface, Susan Cheever writes, 'In June when my father died, I put away the pile of pages I had written, most of them too painful and too maudlin to reread.' I suspect that a better book has been lost in the making of this one. □

Susan Cheever

A new heaven

M.H. Ryle

Green Politics: The Global Promise
FRITJOF CAPRA and CHARLENE SPRETNAK
Hutchinson £10.95
How to Save the World: A Fourth World Guide to the Politics of Scale
ed. NICHOLAS ALBERY and MARK KINZLEY
Turnstone Press £6.95

'THE GLOBAL promise?' frowned a friend, seeing Capra and Spretnak's sub-title. 'Are you sure they don't mean the *verbal* promise?' Her scepticism was not unjustified: the authors' fundamental distinction is at the level of words and concepts, setting 'old-paradigm politics' (which encompasses the Left as well as the Right and Centre) against the greens' 'new-paradigm politics'. Their 'promise' turns out to be largely a matter of recent (not to say fashionable) ways of thinking, brought together under the inadequately defined rubric of 'deep ecology'. They hardly take the measure of the material and institutional forms which the old paradigm has built, or of the social mobilisation needed if things are to change.

Green Politics can still be recommended as a broad account of values and positions. The book's closing pages, on the possible emergence of a green party or caucus in the USA, are interesting, too — as much for what they reveal or leave unsaid as for their admittedly programmatic content. Above all, the substantial opening section, which charts the successes and difficulties of *die Grünen* as a parliamentary party and a grass-roots movement, is rewarding in its detail and its often vivid journalistic rendering of character and event. However, the authors' critical commentary is marked by a disconcerting, and unexplained, hostility to the Left. They make few distinctions between the various strands of socialist culture and history, and seem quite unaware of the extent to which today's libertarian, egalitarian and decentralist eco-politics was prefigured in 19th-century utopian thought (and especially in *News from Nowhere*). Hostility is implicit in their tone, as when they speak of the 'radical-left' Hamburg Greens as having 'manoeuvred themselves into influential positions'; and it underlies their one-sided account of Bahro's writing, presented here as the simple transcendence of an obsolete Marxism. If there is to be an American green party, and if Capra and Spretnak are in on the drafting of its rules, it's pretty clear — indeed they say as much in their final section — that

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there will be no room in it for any 'Marxist-oriented faction'.

This intolerance contrasts with the openness of many German greens, who would agree with Thomas Ebermann that 'those who define themselves as "the real greens" are dishonest. The Greens are that spectrum that has come together...' It is the authors, and not any of their interviewees, who hanker after such definition. Of course, the green parties have to reflect on the potentially divisive question of their relations with the forces and analyses of the historic Left. They are unlikely to opt for pure green ideological uniformity: the imperatives of political viability, as well as the ecological principle of diversity, will probably see to it that they remain broad alliances in pursuit of common objectives, tolerant and respectful of differing perspectives.

Meanwhile, the tolerance of many readers might be strained by **How to Save the World**, a book whose provocation is in the title rather than the sub-title. Several of the 60-odd micro-essays (their length, as well as their content, a tribute perhaps to Schumacher's dictum that small is beautiful) provoke irritation, not reflection: reiterated praise of decentralisation and 'human scale', cardinal virtues of the self-proclaimed 'Fourth World', can end up putting off even the sympathetic. However, there are at least half-a-dozen good pieces, and the whole book is an arresting, if alarming, testimony to the diversity of political style and approach which coheres, or at any rate coexists, within the New Age/eco-decentralist/Fourth World movement. □

Watches

Matthew Sweeney

He lifts a watch to his ear and listens,
all the time eyeing the Cherokee woman
stood alone at the bar with her gin
giving her own watch interrogations.
The barman behind her likes to whistle
twenties' tunes, and has ten hands.
She has two, and like a miniature star
that dropped on the street to roll in
through the legs of the drinkers, up
her long thigh, over the purple cotton
to rest on her wrist, the watch glints —
must be echt silver or something,
and there she's glancing at it again
so he listens to his to help time go
arching his brows at those cheekbones
and the blackest hair he has ever seen.

Disco discourse

Simon Frith

Conditions of Music
ALAN DURANT *Macmillan* £25 & £7.95

THE CENTRAL argument of this persuasive and provoking book is that musical meaning is not just a matter of musical language. Sounds become music in specific conditions of performance, audience, address.

I'd take the same approach to academic meaning. *Conditions of Music* isn't just a book on music but a book on music in Stephen Heath and Colin McCabe's series, 'Language, Discourse, Society'. It is significant accordingly. Structuralist debates familiar to literary, art and film theorists have not had much impact on music theory (although they do have a fragmentary presence in rock criticism) and Durant's work is thus a challenge to musicological convention.

It intrigued me for another reason: in his scrupulous pursuit of musical meaning Durant reveals the limits of discourse theory too. Saussure gets his obligatory mention but otherwise linguistic theory (and even psychoanalysis) are acknowledged only in passing. As Durant says of rock, 'unlike television, film or arguably theatre, the forms of this music irreducibly involve an intersecting range of practices, without an obviously assured primary discourse or text'. And in trying to make sense of a 'range of practices' Durant reads more like an old-fashioned sociologist than a post-structuralist.

Conditions of Music has two parts. Durant first discusses the intelligibility of music by reference to arguments and examples taken generally from the history of Western 'classical' music. He examines the changing significance of keywords like 'orchestra', 'instrumental', 'harmony' and 'dissonance'. He shows how the history of music must be a history of 'relations of address' — performance involves sight as well as sound, determines what it means to listen to music as well as what it means to play or compose it. Durant then develops his argument in contrasting 'case studies' — of the madrigal and of rock music.

I'm looking forward to reading musicologists' responses to Durant's book. His approach to rock will, I think, be influential even if here it reads more like notes towards an analysis than the analysis itself. This is the effect of some bad academic habits — tilting at other rock writers anonymously, for example. This isn't just a matter of pique (does 'much "orthodox" sociological thinking' mean me?) but reflects a confusion in Durant's argument — is he discussing academic studies of rock or the low theories which organise the day-to-day practices of pop circulation?

Durant points out that the issue in rock music is 'forms of representation of *identity*', and he makes a series of acute observations on this — noting, for example, the significance of the pop 'group', and looking at the importance of pronouns: 'I', 'you' and 'we' are in a constant play of reference as songs are performed and recorded. His own identity — the nature of his 'authority' — remains unclear, though. There are, from a rock fan's perspective, startling gaps in his argument. There's no proper discussion of folk music which, as Dave Laing has pointed out, is central to rock's construction of 'community', and nothing on Tin Pan Alley pop (important for how songs work) or black music, on rock and politics and race.

In the end, even a book as thoughtful as this bears the traces of personal taste. One of Durant's examples of pronoun as 'shifter' is Sister Sledge's 'We are family/I've got all my sisters with me/We are family/Get up everybody and sing.' In the first couplet, says Durant, 'we' refers to 'the particular persons in the band'. In the second the meaning is extended to include the audience and hence 'humankind in general'. But even on the least ideologically correct dance floor 'sisters' had obvious feminist connotations. The question is: does Durant go to discos? □

Middle ground

Richard Hoggart

The British Council: The First Fifty Years
FRANCES DONALDSON *Cape* £16

THE BOOK behind this book is more intriguing than the book itself. Mind you, the book itself is, according to its lights, admirable: full, shrewd, both diplomatic and frank. It rests securely in all the main right-thinking opinions on the value of that peculiarly British phenomenon, the arms-length Quango. All but the incorrigibly conspiracy-minded will be able to accept that to a degree the system can work, and this book illustrates that it can.

What it does not do or attempt to do is reflect on the unspoken constraints on arms-length Quangos and so on their general limits. They can occasionally walk on the water and that is a remarkable feat. But the meniscus is naturally fragile. The successful Quango gets to the other side and delivers its report on the state of the nation apropos this or that subject; the

continued on p.32

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Shorter reviews

A Freedom Within: The Prison Notes of Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski
Hodder £12.95

Between 25 September 1953 and 28 October 1956 Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski, Roman Catholic Primate of Poland, was forcibly held captive by decree of the leadership of the Communist party, in a variety of isolated spots around Poland. This book records his personal reflections during that period.

It was a period when the Polish Catholic Church was under fierce attack — more so even than in the period since martial law and December 1981. By lopping off the head of the Church, the rather unintelligent party leadership, under the sinisterly enigmatic Boleslaw Bierut, hoped to bring the Church to heel. The resilience of Wyszynski during that time and afterwards was a major factor in building the strength of the Church in today's Poland. But these days the Communist leadership is considerably more shrewd in its handling of the Church and is fortunate in that the Church has a politically inept Primate in the shape of Jozef Glemp. It is likely that Wyszynski — who sadly died in May 1981 — would have taken more or less the same line with General Jaruzelski as Primate Glemp but his style of leadership would have heartened Solidarity's masses where Glemp has often left them wondering what the Church's position actually is. Wyszynski's spirit descended to priests such as Father Popieluszko, who have defended the Church and human rights generally.

The 'Prison Notes' were greeted with overwhelming acclaim in Poland when they eventually appeared, after considerable difficulty. The popularity of the book there is partly because it represents a philosophical statement of opposition to enforced Communist rule.

The book will certainly not have the popularity here that it finds in Poland, which is a pity if only because it represents a major contribution to that depressing genre, prison literature. On one level Wyszynski's extreme religious devotion can be seen as a way of coping with the mental torments of utter isolation and the occasional intense desolation that is inevitably a part of time in prison. It also contains a worrying message for today's Communist leaders: late in the book Wyszynski records a dream in which he is walking with Bierut through Warsaw, and Bierut jaywalks. In his dream Wyszynski is annoyed that the Communist leader has so much power that he can jaywalk with impunity. When he wakes, Wyszynski learns that Bierut's death in Moscow, in circumstances mysterious even today, has been announced overnight. Today no one remembers Bierut, and the roll-call of past Communist leaders in Poland evokes not a spark of sympathy from the people they once led.

Gary Mead

Theatre Royal: 100 Years of Stratford East
MICHAEL COREN *Quartet* £12.95

The night the Theatre Royal opened, actor-manager Charles Dillon stopped the action of the play (Lytton's *Richelieu*) to tick off members of the audience who were cracking nuts. No theatre, in the century since, has addressed itself more keenly to the dilemma of an art form that desperately wants to give its customers a good time but demands that they suspend the freedoms that go with it: in the theatre you sit where you are told, when you are told; you eat and drink when permitted; you laugh when tipped the wink.

'Knees-up theatre' — one legacy of Joan Littlewood and Theatre Workshop — was a response but never a complete answer to this dilemma. It worked best when serving a demonstrably serious purpose, as in *The Hostage* or *Oh What a Lovely War*, and wasn't needed at all for a chamber classic like *A Taste of Honey*.

Michael Coren's history is sketchy; there seems to be little hard evidence. He was unable to speak to Joan Littlewood, who was at the theatre for less than a quarter of its history but properly remains the largest presence in the book. He has probably talked too much to the persuasive present director, Philip Hedley.

There is little detailed analysis of productions and anyone who wants to know how to make popular theatre work without demeaning itself or its audience will learn more from painstaking reading of the reviews.

But it is a book worth writing. Stratford East is not unique, merely unusual for London. Scores of regional theatres in industrial towns with a minimal tradition of tourist or middle-class theatre-going share its problems. If, as Jack Tinker of the *Daily Mail* told Coren, there is no real need for the Theatre Royal, then we don't need lively and innovative, punter-oriented theatres in Liverpool, Glasgow, Manchester, Sheffield ... We don't *need* theatres.

And you do learn, unobtrusively, about the society in which the theatre is embedded. *Oh What a Lovely War* was a subversive play produced in and for a working-class area of East London. It was threatened with censorship until somebody told the Lord Chamberlain it contained things that 'should have been said years ago'. Princess Margaret.

Paul Allen

The Matter of Wales: Epic Views of a Small Country
JAN MORRIS *Oxford* £12.50

An alternative title for this book could well have been 'Everything Worth Knowing about Wales and its People'. In places the writer's concern to relate the general to the particular makes it read like an historical *Who's Who* and guidebook, but ultimately her scholarship and love of the country weld the book into a comprehensive, if unbalanced, whole. (Such a work will inevitably be shaped by the writer's pre-occupations but it seems unfair to allocate a chapter each to the terrain and the mediocre architecture of Wales but only one to the strikes and insurrections of recent history.)

To English people puzzled that this little nation should survive as a separate entity with persistent left-wing tendencies, this book offers an explanation. Between the departure of the Romans and the English conquest of 1282 the culture had ample time to establish strong roots. Thereafter it developed into the democratic culture discernible in the devoted audiences of the great Nonconformist preachers, the strong unions and the still thriving Welsh language poetry and music competitions (eisteddfodau). A society which valued creative ability and skills in communication above wealth naturally elected as its representatives teachers and preachers in preference to the church-going Tory gentry who looked to England as a model. Welsh political heroes are radicals to a man.

In other respects the history of Wales presented to us resembles that of any other English colony. Wales also suffered a rape of its terrain — from the brutal extraction of various ores to the current disfigurement of the landscape with conifer plantations. Whether the Welsh will ultimately benefit from this is open to debate. Welsh nationalism lost ground during the two World Wars but resistance to the big 'Neighbour' continues nevertheless. We learn that, in 1970, 21 Welsh magistrates clubbed together to pay the fine of Dafydd Iwan found to have defaced English language road signs and, wonderful to relate, in 1982 *all* the local councils voted to ban nuclear weapons from the land.

The writer's vision of an independent Wales is a tantalising one for socialists, for it is beyond doubt that priority would be given to developing the country both economically and culturally in a civilised way.

Diana Whitley-Jones

A Second Skin
EDWARD BLISHEN *Hamish Hamilton* £8.95

A year or so ago Kingsley Amis created a mild furore in literary circles by opining that Philip Oakes should be deterred from publishing autobiographical works because his life hadn't been interesting enough to warrant them. Clearly, on such a criterion, the Blishen oeuvre, too, would be condemned.

For bald mundanity, Blishen's subject-matter is frequently unsurpassed. One paragraph is devoted to the relative merits of sneezes, his wife's and his own. Another begins, 'About this time I had a photo taken. . .' There is a section about the obscenity trial he was going to attend; but didn't. Such are the minutiae that are grist to Blishen's mill.

He works in journalistic and educational circles, but as his roles in these are confined to, respectively, 'outside contributor' and 'external examiner', he is hardly at the vortex of either. A literary plumber, he says of himself. Heaven knows, there is no intrinsically duller life than that of the wage-earning journalist.

So why, despite it all, is Blishen so devastatingly good? Primarily because of his abundant skills as a craftsman, both in planing the prose to perfection and in dovetailing the narrative. Recollections will themselves trigger earlier memories, so that parts of the book are a series of interlocking flashbacks. He also enjoys being self-deprecatingly honest. If he had a boil on his bottom, he would relish telling us about it. Blishen too has the gift of making especially resonant observations. 'I was startled by the ease with which the world submitted to being astonished,' he writes of the moon-landing in 1969; but the sentence put this reader in mind of the Brighton bombing.

My infuriatingly tidy mind occasionally longed for some clarification of the chronology and I was also irritated by the cryptic, Hardyesque place-names, though presumably Blishen would argue that, without using them, he could not be so entertainingly indiscreet.

Why a major paperback publisher (Penguin? Picador?) has not taken Blishen on board beats me; at the very least, there must be special merit in contriving books that have so little to say, and say it so well.

Bob Woffinden

Apology: the publisher of Anthony Giddens' *The Constitution of Society* is Polity Press not, as printed last week, Policy Press; Larkin Publications (not Larkin Press) publish David Reed's *Ireland*.

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unsuccessful Quango collapses, dissolves into multiple notes of dissent. But many get along for quite a long time. And a few manage to break the unwritten rules with some success.

These are always interesting and curious issues. Few foreigners understand them or, if they understand the words used, can take them at face value. The idea of a committee set up and funded by government which contains members from right across the political spectrum and is ostensibly free to report as it wishes must be a trick, one of old Albion's characteristically humbug-based forms, a type of repressive tolerance which will in the end not seriously disturb any government or will do so at the peril of its own life. They are both right and wrong.

Nor do by any means all Britons understand or like the system, whatever their political colour. Remember the way the Tory backbenchers assaulted the BBC governors for not being explicitly *parti pris* over the Falklands: one of the worst recent instances of back-bench Tory illiberality, that. The Arts Council is consistently attacked by both Left and Right on the grounds that it's an arm of the other side. The truth is more curious and comical: it's desperately doing its best to be fair in a fairly hopeless situation.

Mrs Thatcher clearly dislikes and mistrusts Quangos. Power without accountability. The duty of government is to govern. The slight subtleties of the 'repressive tolerance' notion ('Let them talk, It will all cancel out') escape her. So she briskly packs the Quangos which can't, or can't yet, be wound up with her own nominees. A journalist with a bit of free time should draw up a list of the appointments to spaces on Quangos during the last few years. They'd find a hearty self-assurance there.

There is a sense in which most Quangos much of the time do conform. Not simply nor over-evidently. Lecturers for the British Council can say what they want in criticism of Britain. But if that kind of attitude weren't part of a larger 'balance' questions would be asked. It's the higher unwritten and unspoken conformity, that sense of the limits of the possible which for most of the time avoids outright explosions, resignations, too many minority reports. This is not necessarily sinister. It's usually well-meant, a seeking of the middle ground so that as much as possible on which all agree may be recommended before the fabric splits apart. In spite of the conventional unwisdom, Quangos are not good refuges for time-servers, any more than they are for radicals unless they can shed the sharper edges of their radicalism at the door. They are good homes for the gradualists of the Left and the Right. When such accommodations work well they do get some distance; they don't simply settle for the LCD. Example: the BBC's energy in the time of Hugh Carleton-Greene, a splendidly mischievous middle-class eccentric working with a sympathetic Establishment chairman.

Every now and again a Quango takes stock and deliberately breaks out. So it was with Pilkington's Report on Broadcasting in 1962. We were a mixed bunch. Most knew little about broadcasting in advance and were certainly not radically minded. But we did our homework and the evidence against the then current system piled up. Finally one weekend, in a modest hotel in not very modest Hove, to which we had retreated, Harry Pilkington said something to this effect:

> The evidence clearly suggests that we should propose a root-and-branch restructuring of the present commercial TV set up. This government [Tory] will not like that or accept it. Do we propose less outright solutions which they might find digestible? Or do we say what we believe needs saying even though we know our recommendations will not be accepted?

Of course we made the second choice, and were duly reviled. But that strategy was the only right one. Perhaps tactically it didn't prove too bad also since, once it had stopped foaming at the mouth, that government went further in tightening the Television Act than it would have done if we hadn't delivered such a blockbuster.

But when Quangos lose their nerve, or when they are packed with too many people of the same prior persuasion, they become dutiful shadows. It is said that the Arts Council is becoming like that.

The overwhelmingly most interesting way into the whole question, and again we are waiting for a book on it, would be through a study of the Great and the Good, the army of Quango-able people, the appointables. The myths of Right and Left don't help a bit since they are both caricatures. The best people are very hard-working and intensely seek to be fair-minded. Lord Franks in one generation (I don't know what his politics are, if any), Mary Warnock in this generation (she is Conservative, but at the level at which she engages as Chairman or member that doesn't matter). Even more important: what do those people who sit at the same time on committees with explicit political affiliations and on Quangos which carry the 'objective advice' banner, what do such people think as they scurry from one boardroom to another? The answer is not likely to please anyone who wants melodramatic explanations. It's almost certainly that they experience no great sense of disruption. If they were Eric Heffers or Dennis Skinners the balancing act would be difficult, impossible. If they were the blander kind of committee member (yes, they do exist) they would not be likely to cover so wide a spectrum of committee work.

Offhand, I know of no other country where the same person could be Chairman of a rather radical socialist weekly and at the same time sit on the Board of that country's government-funded cultural voice to the rest of the world. But Graham C. Greene is both Chairman of the *New Statesman* and a member of the British Council Board (and Managing Director of Frances Donaldson's publishers). I don't believe G.C.G. is in bad faith or that there's a plot somewhere, on one side or the other. I expect he has been one of those who have helped the British Council to get away from its suede-shoe'd image, and that he is a stalwart when the FCO makes one of its regular forays into the funding and sometimes the control of the BC. So are the Tories on the Board. And, incidentally, if I had written — instead of this piece — the usual knocking article about the British Council it would have been printed by the *NS* (especially by the *NS*). What all this illustrates is that we need to understand better the undergrowth of attitudes, assumptions, unspoken agreements which sustain the Quango idea and which may, at their best, produce results better than any other practically-possible form would. Perhaps Mr Greene will enlighten us? □

FICTION

High energy

Richard Deveson

Star Turn
NIGEL WILLIAMS *Faber* £9.95
The Eleventh Summer
CARLO GÉBLER *Hamish Hamilton* £8.95
On Glory's Course
JAMES PURDY *Peter Owen* £9.95

AMOS BARKING is sitting at his desk in the Ministry of Information early in 1945. He's meant to be grinding out morale-enhancing copy about knocking Jerry for six but, instead, within a day and a half (when he's not bombing over to Dresden in a Lancaster), he's scribbling 300 pages of picaresque life-story which describe how he and his Jewish friend Zak got barrels of laughs with everyone from Lenin and a rabidly lunatic D.H. Lawrence, via the well-known street brawler V. Woolf and Ramsay MacDonald the well-known wearer of multiple layers of female undergarments, to Oswald Mosley and Lord Haw-Haw — except of course that Zak may really be Amos's alter ago, and/or a personification of Amos's superego, and/or a projection of Amos's Jewish MOI boss Alan, and/or an embodiment of sundry historical forces of the 20th century — unless of course both Amos and Zak are projections of Nigel Williams and/or **Star Turn** is a disquisition not only on the inevitable interpenetration of fiction and fact but also on the very process of fiction making that leads to the novel's own bootstrap-assisted self-generation, etc, etc, etc. . . .

This *is* a clever book and it's hard not to be impressed by its showy intellectual energy. To the objection that it's rather often puerile (Freud's housekeeper: 'Ve haf for you lodginks found') or repetitious (running gag on a moronic Field Marshal Haig and his 80 pairs of monogrammed underpants), it might — possibly — be said that this is, after all, only the propagandist Amos's fertile imagination running away with itself. More generally, judgment of the novel will depend on how philosophically profound one considers the whole business of self-consciousness about fact v. fiction to be.

Let's say that the ambiguity of one critical event in the book is not so much morale-enhancing as shrug-inducing. Zak has turned into the spitting image of Mosley and one or the other of them (but which?) is beaten up and killed. One can see in this all sorts of meanings that may or may not be there: something about lack of support for the Jews in the face of fascism; or something about Jewish passivity in the face etc; or something about 'Jewishness's'

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being defined by anti-semitism. Or does it mean something else? Or — possibly — nothing at all?

On the other hand, if all the games-playing apparatus is dismantled there still remains, underneath, an old-fashioned dramatic confrontation between two principles: between a flippant Englishness (Amos), a not-wanting-to-feel, an evasive recourse to fantasy; and an acknowledgement of historical reality (Zak/Alan), a conviction that evil exists and that it may have to be combated with further evil if good is to prevail. But there is a built-in difficulty here, too: namely, that Amos's very frivolity makes it hard to sympathise with his side of the confrontation in the first place.

The Eleventh Summer, Carlo Gébler's first novel, has an Irish setting and, like much writing about Ireland, is a Chekhov-ish amalgam of melancholic sensibility, apparent plotlessness and meticulously placed dialogue. It contains Russo-Irish elderly eccentrics, drunkards, grandmotherly grandmothers, peasantry, rural decay, characters given to grand but hollow gestures and to intimations of transcendence that are liable to degenerate into seizures of sentimentality. The events of a summer are seen exclusively through the eyes of a boy, Paul Weismann: so exclusively that we never fully learn about the events which lead the cold and tyrannical non-Irish father of this sensitive only child to park him on fond but disaster-prone Irish grandparents.

As tends to happen in novels, Paul has a lot of half understood but highly maturational experiences in rather rapid succession: fire, illness, death, sexual fumblings with a girl cousin, glimpses of sexual fumblings between adults, glimpses of adults stricken by grief and despair. The tone, however, is not remotely melodramatic. Paul's world is delicately built up out of a mass of precise physical detail: colour, touch, smell and taste; strange Irish brand names and trademarks; the sensation of getting lost in a daydream over a comic book; the sound of two old women standing up after praying, 'their knees creaking like corks being pulled from bottles'. It is a remarkably good picture of the mind of a child, for whom, in his solitariness and vulnerability, one feels considerable compassion.

With hindsight it becomes clear that the recommendation of James Purdy by an eminent literatus (who shall be nameless) — 'His books take one by the throat and shake one's bones loose' — should actually have been taken as a dire warning. Fonthill, Ohio, in 1930, seems at first to belie its Gothick name and **On Glory's Course** seems, like the Midwest itself, to contain long, long stretches of not very much. But eventually Val the naked ice man copulates with his mare and Alec swoons with Enid Beauregard (you know, that floozy who was cohabiting with her half-brother) and 50-year-old Adele Bevington takes time off from her nocturnal vigils at the window of her big old white frame house (she's in her silk slip and jewels, of course) to undress the urine-soaked body of poor inebriated Keith Gresham (but his sexual organs *were* blown to bits at Soissons) so that she can caress him and deck him out in her diamonds and — sorry, no room to explain about batty old Widow Hughes and the men's secret fornication society... There's no accounting for awful taste. □

FILMS

Rules of the game

John Coleman

A conflict avoided: Gielgud's protesting Cardew meets Mason's disarming Sir Randolph

The Shooting Party (15)
Curzon
Blood Simple (18)
Warner; Classics, Haymarket and Chelsea; Odeons, Swiss Cottage and Kensington
Vigil (15)
ICA
A Midsummer Night's Dream (15)
Screen on the Hill
The Key (18)
Odeon, Haymarket

'IF YOU TAKE away the functions of an aristocracy, what can it do but play games too seriously?' Sir Randolph Nettleby (James Mason) is gently holding forth over the port to guests assembled for a few days' pheasant shooting on his country estate; the period — October, 1913 — and the prevailing mood are autumnal; his question arouses a flickering memory of Renoir's magnificent *La Règle du Jeu* (those 'games', these privileged folk fiddling before their civilisation goes up in smoke), but no more.

Alan Bridges's **The Shooting Party**, splendidly preserving the past as if in amber and impeccably acted, has been scripted by Julian Bond with great fidelity of spirit to Isabel Colegate's prize-winning novel, which means it is not there to pass large judgments. An itinerant do-gooder, Cornelius Cardew (John Gielgud), gets short shrift from the hostile, Tory-trained peasantry at the local inn; and his attempt to disrupt an afternoon's shoot, waving a THOU SHALT NOT KILL placard, ends in charming and comic failure as Sir Randolph blandly inquires after the printer who produces Cardew's anti-blood-sports pamphlets: mutual courtesy proves stronger than the issue of slaughter. Elsewhere, a small grandson is anxious for the fate of his tamed but strayed wild duck and a beautiful woman turns aside from the expert marksmanship, but the sight of birds plummeting down is spectacular rather than horrific: part of the order of things.

This order embraces complaisant husbands and discreetly unfaithful wives, rituals of eating, billiards and bridge, a head gamekeeper's irritation at having to use a poacher as beater, the ironic wooing of a maid by a valet who has given her a copy of his master's scrunched-up draft of a love-letter to married Lady Olivia (Judi Bowker) of the lucent, candid face; it is a little world of careful, coded surfaces; easily misread, as when an Hungarian aristocrat dismisses a fatal accident — 'only a peasant' — and so loses all favour with Sir Randolph's flirtatious granddaughter Cicely (Rebecca Saire); as easily heartbreaking, as when Olivia responds to the love of Rupert Frazer's Lionel but is torn by duty. Against this decency is set the marital arrangement of Edward Fox's stiff, arrogant Lord Gilbert, famed for his prowess with a gun, and his bitch-tongued wife Aline (Cheryl Campbell), welcoming the caresses of wealthy Sir Reuben (Aharon Ipalé) — 'the Israelite', in Sir Randolph's phrase — while goading her Gilbert to bag more birds than handsome Lionel.

This is where the occasion has been moving throughout, towards an unforgivable infringement of the code as their host sees it. One does not count one's daily kill. Certainly one does not become so competitive as to swing low and fast, as Gilbert does, and lethally down not the intended woodcock but the poacher-beater. This Tom (excellent Gordon Jackson) dies a patriot's death — 'God save the British Empire!' he cries, expiring. More lethal yet, however, is Mason's curt delivery of a damning

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line: 'You weren't shooting like a gentleman, Gilbert'. It is very much to the credit of Mr Bridges's direction and to several stand-out performances — most notably, the central, amiable and forceful one, touched by wistfulness, given by the late James Mason — that this landscape-with-figures from a lost age should skirt pitfalls of bathos to come so persuasively alive.

Joel Coen previously worked as assistant editor on *The Evil Dead* and his cried-up first feature, **Blood Simple**, co-written and produced by brother Ethan, flashily photographed by Barry Sonnenfeld, opens with a male voice over declaring, 'The world is full of complainers . . . Down here in Texas, you're on your own.' At least, I think it was 'complainers', in which case include me in. The sub-James M. Cainish plot waywardly concerns morose Ray, a bartender, bedding the runaway wife Abby of his boss Marty in a motel, where a grinny, plump private eye Visser secretly snaps the action for Marty. Marty then pays Visser $10,000 to kill the errant couple. But the eye dreams up his own vicious scheme for getting the cash and shifting the blame for murder. The scheme is quite cunning and sets Ray and Abby a-suspicionin' each other. The camera dwells lengthily on unintelligent faces and inanimate objects: a gun, some dead fish (red herrings, if you like), a fancy lighter. There is a funny scene where Visser (M. Emmet Walsh and the best thing in this confusingly assembled event) punches through a wall to tug a knife out of his spread other hand. It is a very silly film.

New Zealander Vincent Ward's **Vigil**

Emmet Walsh's Visser

benefits substantially from the photography, by Alun Bollinger, of some Godawful terrain — a grim mountain, infertile valley, mostly rain-soaked — where a farmer is seen from afar falling down a ravine, leaving Bill Kerr as surly old gramps, a youngish widow, her 12-year-old daughter and an equivocal poacher to struggle along. Landscape and machinery — an ill-fated tractor, a collapsing drainage rig — dominate, sometimes magically, a rambling affair where the humans tend to either surrealism or cliché: Mr Kerr draws farts from a tuba, ma equips daughter with a tutu; ma and poacher inevitably copulate, frightened daughter menstruates. In and out of all this there is a genuine talent fighting for expression, as yet not quite winning.

Admirers of Lindsay Kemp's gender-bending troupe will find the usual tinsel-tawdry, amateur-night antics embellishing Celestino Coronado's **A Midsummer Night's Dream**: as wet as they come. Tinto Brass's **The Key**, with poor Frank Finlay encouraging a younger fellow to forage around wife Stefania Sandrelli's ample, bare bum, utterly misses the Japanese-print sexuality Ichikawa brought to Tanizaki's source-novel some 25 years ago. □

JAZZ

Cross-cultural

Charles Fox

The Formative Years (1927-1934)
BENNY GOODMAN *Decca RAL 508*
Hot House Flowers
WYNTON MARSALIS *CBS 26145*

HALF A CENTURY separates these two musicians, five decades that have seen an elevation in the status - if not the prosperity - of the jazz performer. Benny Goodman, a Jewish boy, was born in Chicago in 1909; Wynton Marsalis - black, from New Orleans - in 1961. Both displayed their talents early. But, where Goodman at 14 showed his class aboard a steamboat on Lake Michigan, playing alongside Bix Beiderbecke, Marsalis at the same age performed the Haydn Trumpet Concerto with the New Orleans Philharmonic. Goodman had to wait for his classical debut, but in 1938 he recorded Mozart with the Budapest String Quartet and two years later commissioned Bartok to write a piece - *Contrasts* - for him.

No two jazz players of anything like their ability have straddled the two sorts of music so consistently. In the case of Marsalis the transition seems happy and obvious, as he proved by playing Haydn and Hummel at the Royal Festival Hall last September. Goodman's double life has always seemed uneasier, calling for a change of tone, a new persona. Some of his earlier idiosyncrasies got tucked inside a manner that could be distinguished yet bland. Just how 'hot' a soloist he used to be (the epithet equalled high praise in the 1920s and early 1930s) is revealed by the Decca LP, commencing with a pair of tracks from 1927 and concluding with a couple by the band Goodman took into Billy Rose's Music Hall seven years later. That was his first regular band, riffing assiduously, foreshadowing the swing era that was to make big band jazz America's most popular music and Goodman - scholarly looking, wearing rimless glasses - an improbable teenager's hero.

Those 1927 recordings, 'That's a plenty' and 'Clarinetitis', clarinet solos backed up by piano and drums, display Goodman's roots in white Chicago jazz, reflecting very directly the tense, sourly dramatic style of Frank Teschemacher. By 1931, and the Charleston Chasers' classic version of 'Basin Street blues', the outline had loosened, the technique become broader, the concept encompassed a subtle handling of dynamics. Jack Teagarden sings with lackadaisical charm as well as playing trombone. The six tracks that follow, dating from 1933 or the first half of 1934, were recorded originally - by John Hammond - for release only in Britain (the market for 'hot jazz' was healthier here than in the US). 'Your mother's son-in-law' put Billie Holiday on record for the first time; 'Junk man' and 'Ol' pappy' have Mildred Bailey singing with motherly concern. The jaunty brightness of Goodman's clarinet is countered by the high romantics of Teagarden's trombone, rococo yet heartfelt, and Coleman Hawkins's tenor saxophone at its haughtiest.

Goodman came to maturity at a time when few people apart from the musicians took jazz at all seriously. It accounts for the compulsion experienced later on by many soloists to work with string ensembles when they got the chance, acquiring, as it were, legitimacy by association. Most of those collaborations were sabotaged by the inadequacy of the scoring, rarely above the level of third-rate film music. Exceptions include Artie Shaw's early use of strings and the orchestrations Eddie Sauter wrote for Stan Getz's LP *Focus*. Goodman found what respectability he needed by operating from time to time as a classical clarinettist. Wynton Marsalis may belong to a new species of performer, equally adept within quite separate disciplines.

Yet on his newest LP, Marsalis - or maybe his record company - has felt the urge to place the jazz inside orchestral settings, the handiwork of Robert Freedman, who frankly deserves better than having his name displayed only in small print on the back of the sleeve. His writing for strings is taut, economical, effective. And though Freedman is no Gil Evans, the effect is to emphasise how Marsalis's playing resembles that of Miles Davis in its melancholy sheen, its lyrical diffidence. He phrases like himself, however, even tackling 'Stardust', a melody that resists the ingenuity of most jazz improvisers. Conservative in his ambitions, he delights, like Goodman, in his technical prowess, a virtuoso in the traditional sense rather than a reckless pioneer. □

DANCE

Match games

Stephanie Jordan

Extempore Dance Theatre
Shaw Theatre

THERE's something about the final section of Ian Spink's **Coco Loco** that smacks strongly of *Last Year in Marienbad*. That film lingers in the memory for its solitary, immobile, impossibly elegant figures set in a palace with landscaped

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gardens, frowning organ music, the characters talking in riddles. Extemporary Dance Theatre has no Delphine Seyrig, there is no dialogue nor do its six tough modern dancers look quite so nonchalant in their c.1960 Chanel suits (run up without much expertise by Carole Coates). Yet, at least they have David Owen's *Regimes of Pleasure* which suggests a synthesis with the haunting score of the original. There is something of the film in Spink's graveside vigil in which the standing group seems to rotate, as if shot from every angle by a camera circling the scene. Cinematic parallels may not be coincidental, since Spink's last collaboration was the underrated re-modelling of Hitchcock's *Notorious* for Second Stride, soon to be shown at the ICA following the film.

My observations are not endorsed in Spink's programme note. Therein, the spirit of Robbe-Grillet's *ciné-roman* is not invoked, whatever the look of things. Instead, it describes the first scene as 'built up from clichéd feminine domestic rituals' contrasting disturbingly 'with a ritual of affection demonstrated by the men'; the second scene 'contains repeated phrases...of dance movement' with only 'brief contact between the dancers'; the final section suggests 'a different kind of separation'. The dramatic implications and length of this last part unbalance the short whole and make an uncertain conclusion. Spink's recent expansive work has been more successful. But there is interesting original movement at the beginning: repetitive stuck-in-the-groove phrases to mundane chores while the men sit tamely, watching and waiting; and in the second more abstract section, with quirky movements that are constantly frustrated.

Clothes perform a memorable and important function in Spink's output, whether the DJs in the washroom of *De Gas* or the secretarial spruceness of *Secret Gardens*. Here, the dressed-up woman seems to symbolise marital indifference concealed under expensive finery. But, like the work itself, the clothes hang badly on a boisterous company.

Perhaps the failure of *Coco Loco* lies in the tendency of a company with a heavy touring schedule and full programmes to the lightweight; the continuing vitality of their performance of the witty **Spiked Sonata** by Dan Wagoner illuminates this theory. But they can handle more serious material. They do in David Gordon's **Field Study**, to John Field piano music, in a series of patterns involving groups and groupings of metal chairs. Michael Clark's **12XU** is now transposed to the women of the company. It benefits from reinterpretation and Annelies Stoffel is strong and precise.

Among new company members, Jon Smart is an elegant and already mature performer. He is a 'dance apprentice' sponsored by BP, enlightenment to be encouraged in British modern dance. □

Among this week's contributors:

MICHAEL HOFMANN'S first collection of poems was *Nights in the Iron Hotel* (Faber, 1983).

MATTHEW SWEENEY'S collection *A Round House* was published by Allison & Busby in 1983.

THEATRE

Sewage farming

Benedict Nightingale

The Power of the Dog
HOWARD BARKER *Hampstead*
Up 'n' Under and **Bouncers**
JOHN GODBER *Warehouse*

SOME YEARS ago Howard Barker called the theatre 'the sump to which our poisons and our malices, our despairs and terrors drain'; as time goes on, he seems to mean it more and more.

Look at **The Power of the Dog**, deceptively comic though it may at first seem. Here are Stalin and Churchill, testing the tact and skill of their interpreters over some pre-banquet vodka. How to translate the latter's fustian tributes to 'the robust Ivan, fearless in battle and loyal in heart'? How to make it clear that the former's sentimental ramblings about giving up all his power to meet a beautiful woman on a train aren't what they begin bizarrely to seem, a subtle suggestion that Winston is a philanderer? But then, quite suddenly, the laughter evaporates. European nation is being traded for European nation ('he can have Greece, but not Bulgaria') and Uncle Joe is succumbing to wild paranoid fantasy ('millions of waiters, removing my face from the walls —

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it's time for a purge'). Barker's sump begins to fill with those poisons and terrors: a crazed dictator, war and more war, the disintegration of Europe and its piecing-back-together in shapes and styles we still rue today.

Another thing Barker once said: 'the world is incredible and unlikely, and it is the business of the theatre to show the agony we experience in failing to come to terms with that'. And that, too, he demonstrably continues to mean. Off we go to the Polish front, where a hanged woman dangles over the mud and blood and a representative spread of Soviet soldiery is trying to make sense of the chaos all around. They talk of the insignificance of personal feeling and the self, of history, of the future, of the 'wonderful century' it may yet turn out to be; but they find it increasingly difficult to believe themselves. One officer shoots off his own testicles in despair, after a German prisoner has misinterpreted his offer of help and wearily started readying herself for rape. Another is arrested for some not-very-clear political crime by the female comrade whose advances he's spurned. A would-be film maker, whose ambition is to catch the complexity of the war on celluloid, is forced to recognise that the task is beyond either her comprehension or her camera — 'if the impossible is true, where does that leave you — how does an artist cope with that?' That's a question Barker has asked himself before now, but rarely as forcefully or imaginatively.

Mark you, his language can sometimes become overwrought and overblown, his invention a bit manic. What's added by introducing a Scots jester in gaudy tartan to dance attendance on Stalin and gleefully cackle 'history is a woman being raped by ten soldiers in Manchuria'? Yet there's sharp, crisp writing here, too: an image of the 'old black rats of Europe shaking the brick-dust from their fur and creeping out into the light' as war recedes; another, of the rain churning up the earth on the shallow graves until 'by morning there will be a show of clotted heads like crocuses'. Moreover, the play's imaginative turbulence could be said aptly to reflect the more literal turbulence of the situation itself. A sounder objection would be that to tell us the situation is turbulent, the war ugly and confusing, some of the allied leadership as demented as its adversaries and Europe a sad, sad muddle, is not to tell us anything very remarkable. Has Barker any purpose beyond that?

Well, maybe the title hints at one. History, we're told at one point, 'is a mad dog — when the mad dog comes for you don't run, lie down and show your throat, some dogs don't bite the humble'. The speaker is as near to a main character as emerges from Barker's script, a model turned war-photographer. Once she posed on Heydrich's lap; now she prowls the shifting battlefields of Europe, a sort of up-market Mother Courage, living off her wits and svelte looks. She it is who is somewhat implausibly summoned to take imposing mug-shots of Stalin in the Kremlin. She it is who ends up submitting to the great dictator's bear-hug, forgiven whatever wrongs she may have committed. Could that be Barker's impressionistic view of Europe since 1945 — the opportunist, the chancer, the wily-meek survivor, embraced by the all-powerful megalomaniac? Somehow, I suspect so.

This is a Joint Stock production and as adeptly acted as one would have expected. Another of the nation's leading companies, Hull Truck, is briefly in town too, with two exuberantly enjoyable evocations of entertainment as the Yorkshire working class, and perhaps more than the Yorkshire working class, has come to know it. **Up 'n' Under**, its cartoon-strip celebration of a homeric rugby-football war between the amiable duffers of the Wheatsheaf Inn and the hard men of the Cobblers' Arms, has already had a successful showing at the Warehouse; but **Bouncers** is there for the first time, and turns out to be a capsule picture of a fun Saturday night on the urban tiles. It's all there — the pubs, the flooded urinals, the discos, the smirking DJs, the drunken, lecherous boys, the nervous, prattling girls and, arms folded and infinitely bored expressions on their fungoid faces, the inevitable bouncers. Subtract Jane Clifford and the cast is the one that brought similar warmth and humour to *Up 'n' Under*: Peter Greeves, Richard Ridings, Andrew Dunn, Richard May, Chris Walker, as vivid and versatile a crew as are currently to be found on the boards in London. □

OPERA

Burning bright

Andrew Clements

Tristan and Isolde
Coliseum

THE LAST staging of *Tristan* at the Coliseum was an ill-starred affair. Its blush-making visual inanities were partly redeemed by the glorious musical account inspired by Reginald Goodall, but the production was never revived and clearly a new version was one of English National Opera's most urgent priorities. In fulfilling this the company has tried to keep together the team of principals that was the only saving grace of its predecessor but, though Goodall still conducts and Alberto Remedios keeps the role of Tristan, Linda Esther Gray was advised to rest her voice from such a strenuous examination as Isolde; in her place, last Saturday's first night brought the American soprano Johanna Meier, who has already sung under Goodall in the Welsh National *Tristan*.

The most interesting aspect of the new presentation, however, is the production team headed by Götz Friedrich — a familiar enough figure up the road at the Royal Opera but making his Coliseum debut. Friedrich's view of *Tristan* is a stark affair, severely disciplined in its disposition of characters around the stage, predominantly dark-hued but lit with savage intensity at times. The set is a flattened spiral (the typically provocative collection of articles in the programme book makes a great deal of play with the image of the spiral as representing in two dimensions the spherical vortex, in itself a symbol of Yin and Yang...) which, for the second act, reveals a peculiarly slimy love nest at its core and provides a raised platform for the delirious ravings of Tristan in the third.

Everything Friedrich does is thoughtful and musical; nowhere does he run counter to the sense of the drama, though at one or two points, particularly in the second act when a good deal of the love duet is sung in profound darkness, one wished for a little more visual compromise. There is one breathtaking, spectacular piece of theatre, precisely placed at the emotional watershed of the entire opera. When the love duet reaches its climax and Tristan and Isolde are discovered by Marke and Melot, the sky literally falls; the stars which have glowed ever brighter through the duet are replaced by a bank of harsh floodlights, the lovers are ringed by soldiers, and it all happens at enormous speed exactly as the shock is registered in the music. The effect is all the more tremendous because of the restraint around it.

Friedrich has also persuaded his singers to give equally brooding, sharply etched performances, though the singing itself was disturbingly uneven on the first night. Johanna Meier was stated to be suffering from a heavy cold and certainly seemed to husband her vocal resources carefully for most of the evening, as well as tending to sing flat at unfortunate moments: the first phrases of the *Liebestod* were the most glaring example. But she looked splendid and her almost mute fury at the opening of the opera was finely conveyed. Remedios veered unpredictably from the compelling to the unacceptable, fracturing some phrases in a way that destroyed their musical sense, elsewhere singing with a comprehension and understated passion which was very affecting. Despite the passing imperfections his third-act monologue was totally absorbing.

Two of the cast seemed not to put a foot wrong: Linda Finnie began as a rather matronly Brangaene, but by the second half of the first act was singing truly and incisively; John Tomlinson's Marke made of his second-act solo a tremendous monodrama, its central section conceived in finely sustained long-limbed phrases, and held attention by the audibility of his every syllable. Geoffrey Chard had the bearing and manner of a fine Kurwenal also, but only at the beginning of the third act did his singing begin to measure up to his acting.

Which leaves only the conductor. Perhaps by his own highest personal standards this was not a vintage Goodall performance: the orchestral playing, for all its richness and warmth, was sometimes blurred by imprecise ensemble. But it was so much more impressive than that of almost any other contemporary Wagner conductor one could think of that nothing was left but admiration. No one else could slow down the less frantic episodes of the love duets so much and at the same time make them so transcendentally beautiful, no one else could begin the *Liebestod* as carefully and still bring it to such a devastating climax. The first act was slow to gain intensity, but when it did, from the drinking of the love potion to the end, it burned with a brilliant flame; everywhere there was the familiar evidence of the most careful plotting of the dramatic curve of the entire work, the final bars already in sight when the prelude was begun five and half hours earlier. If you can still get a ticket go, and marvel. □

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Nick Duffy

Not another gastronomic paradise!

James Bentley

ON 22 JULY 1956 Maurice Edmund Sailland, founder of the French Academy of Gastronomes and universally known as Prince Curnonsky, fell from a fourth-floor window in Laborde Square, Paris, bounced off a veranda and expired on the pavement. He was 84 years old; and, although he fell out of the window at ten o'clock in the morning, I have always assumed that he was drunk. The only photograph of Prince Curnonsky I have seen shows him fuzzily examining a huge goblet of wine before downing the contents.

A previous fall, a quarter of a century earlier, decisively contributed to Curnonsky's gastronomic pre-eminence. In 1930 he slipped on a badly cleaned platform of the Paris Métro. In compensation he was given a pass enabling him to travel free for the rest of his life on the French railways. Curnonsky could now profitably travel the length and breadth of his country, tasting its food and wine to his heart's content.

Already Curnonsky was famous. In 1927 *Paris-Soir* had invited 5,000 restaurateurs and chefs to elect a prince of gastronomy, and they chose him. He died in harness, but not before eating and drinking discriminately (and colossally) for the next 25 years and writing about the process with equal gusto.

When I was writing a guide to the Dordogne*, I included a chapter on its wine and food and naturally consulted Curnonsky a great deal. I have to confess that occasionally I felt he was not quite in his right mind. Curnonsky called the truffle — that curious, ugly black mushroom — 'the perfumed soul of the Dordogne'. A trifle high-flown, but fair enough perhaps in view of the importance of this extremely expensive element in the Dordogne cuisine. But then he added, 'The truffle is also a positive love-potion, making both a man more lovable and a woman more loving.' No doubt for this reason Curnonsky concluded that the truffle is 'the *sacrum sacrorum* of the gastronome, a name never pronounced by a gastronome without touching his hat'.

Well, the last time I ate anything made with truffles was on a houseboat/restaurant moored on the River Dordogne itself. I sat between the rich man who was paying and his wife. Expanding to the scene, the wine and the potatoes cooked with truffles, I turned to her and intelligently remarked, 'This is magic.' 'Magic!' she screamed. 'It is so BANAL.'

Could Curnonsky have coped with that? Ever since, I have decided never to trust a gastronome again. So I must ask *myself* — not Curnonsky or Brillat-Savarin or George Saintsbury or any of that sort — why I find the Dordogne to be a gastronomic paradise. And I think first and foremost the reason is that wherever you go out to eat in the Dordogne, you always get a lot.

Elsewhere in France soup has virtually disappeared from the midday menu of restaurants. The meal begins with an *hors d'oeuvre*. In the evening soup returns and the *hors d'oeuvre* disappears. But in the Dordogne, restaurants still serve soup and *hors d'oeuvre* at both meals. I think this is a legacy from the extreme poverty of peasant life in the past. Peasants ate soup and nothing but soup, sometimes thickening it by pouring it over stale bread. Today in country restaurants in the Dordogne, they still serve you soup poured over slices of bread. I love it.

The second reason is the wines of Bergerac. I read the other day a book on the wines of France which includes those of Bergerac among 'The Lesser Wines from Mountain and Plain', adding that 'Bergerac is probably more famous for Cyrano, who came from there, than for its heady red and white wines'. Rubbish: as each summer I watch my fellow-Brits abroad drinking in a day twice as much Bergerac wine as the average Dordogne peasant drinks in a fortnight, I ask whether any one of them has read a single word of *Cyrano de Bergerac*.

And I remember that sublime and charitable philosopher Michel de Montaigne who lived close by the Bergerac vineyards. Wine he perceived as one of the chief comforts of old age, 'almost the last pleasure that the years steal from us'. Even when he told stories illustrating

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the evil consequences of too much drink, Montaigne usually drew their sting at the last moment. He tells the tale of a chaste widow who lived in Castres. After becoming drugged with too much drink, she found that she had been made pregnant without even knowing the man responsible. Yet Montaigne's story has a happy ending. The widow went to church, announced what had happened, and promised to pardon the culprit if he would confess. The man turned out to be one of her own farmhands. The two fell in love. 'They are still alive,' observed Montaigne, 'and married to each other.'

Wine that can accomplish such charming results can't be bad. Montaigne said his own disposition was to drink best *after* eating. 'For that reason,' he explained, 'my last drink is almost always my largest.' I myself have independently reached this conclusion.

I also find myself gastronomically at one with the patient wine merchants in the Dordogne *bastide* of Domme who watch us British taste their expensive walnut liqueurs before choosing to buy six of the cheapest bottles of red Bergerac. I no longer bother with the tasting but simply pick up a case and hand over my francs. But always the vintner warns me that the cheap, though excellent wine I've just bought is not one I should think of keeping for any length of time. How right he is! I never do. □

**James Bentley's* A Guide to the Dordogne *is published this week by Viking at £10.95.*

TELEVISION

Hugo Williams

Yappy days

THE LIGHTS in the North Korean border village all come on at once. Loudspeakers blast Communist superiority at the booming capitalist South from the roofs of houses that nobody lives in. American sappers intercept Communist escape tunnels with counter-tunnels and trigonometry.

The Pacific Ocean is a documentarist's happy hunting ground. Its vast distances of time and space leave gaps a hundred years wide for all manner of saleable anachronisms to pop up in. And **The New Pacific** (BBC-2) goes fishing for them with a will.

It was discovered during the last war that 'he who controls Micronesia controls the Pacific'. So the Americans, always fearful of control, have stifled all Micronesian desire for independence by vomiting Coca-Cola all over them. In last week's film we saw how the refined and happy culture on the island of Yap, the possessor of a currency of stones, has been submitted to a cynical manipulation of will by a cassette-TV station spewing out-of-date news bulletins at them and random commercials for things like 'the pampered elegance of an ocean liner to Alaska'. In school the children learn things like 'the history of Hungary', doubtless biased.

It seems to be a matter of military strategy to keep even the lowliest Micronesian on the US payroll lest they fall prey to Russian influence. Instead of investing in industry, American government departments expand endlessly to receive the demoralised islanders into their suffocating, stale embrace. The islands of Truck and Yap have the highest suicide rate in the world. It is only a matter of time before their enforced inferiority rebounds on their benefactors.

A casual wave of a Japanese sword and the natives of Guam are vanquished during their Fourth of July history tableaux. But this was a disaster area for the Japanese in WWII. The islands are littered with war relics. We saw guns and tanks of the last Japanese command post arranged as a background for the group photos the affluent Japanese tourists insist on taking back with them.

On the island of Saipan, other souvenir hunters comb the island for the bones of their fathers who died in their foxholes of shell-fire or suicide and were shamefully left behind by the retreating forces. 'It's a thigh,' they say, 'This is a coccyx. This bit sticks out. . .' The idea is to repatriate every Japanese bone fragment in the Pacific to its resting-place in Tokyo. 321,000 skeletons have so far been saved: 500,000 remain for the next Pacific holiday. 'We promise to come back and collect more,' they pray as they leave laden with their cargoes.

These officially sanctioned bone-hunts and their solemn consecration ceremony at the new Shrine of the Unknown Solider in Tokyo, where weapons of war such as human torpedoes are prayed to as holy relics, are a sign that the wartime activities of the Imperial Army have at last achieved respectability. Even General Tojo, executed as a war criminal, has been made into a god.

Despite the anti-militarism drafted into their constitution in 1945 the Japanese spend 12 billion a year on the eighth largest 'Self-Defence Force' in the world. Uniforms are a status symbol for the first time since the war and the militaristic songs sung by the recruits — 'Keep the fighting spirit invisibly in your heart. Be willing to risk your life' — seem to bear out the old Japanese dictum that 'There is a difference between what is stated and what is performed.'

On the reliably queer **South of Watford** (ITV) we met a wondrous two-girl Japanese act called Frank Chickens. 'Frank Chickens are not Geishas but chop-chop people who high jump,' explained a Chicken. 'Frank Chickens came to Ingrand because you have to conform in Japan'. While the Chickens were into cheap trash, Winnie the Pooh and Mary Poppins. 'We thought Ingrish people must be terribly weird if they could make Winnie the Pooh and Mary Poppins go to a different world . . .'

That the 'Monday' in 'I met him on a Monday and my heart stood still' was originally 'Sunday' was one of the shocks delivered in **Da Doo Ron Ron** (C4), Patrick Lacy's swashbuckling onslaught on his hero Phil Spector, first Tycoon of Teen. 'A very bright young man,' said Jerry Leiber, who gave Spector his first break with 'Corrine Corrina' in the mid 'Fifties. 'Sarcastic. Dressed like a businessman. A young man on the make.' His partner Mike Stoller was less fond: 'If there's such a thing as a bad guy, it's Phil Spector. He's not honest, not honourable.'

You have to be big to deserve that kind of endorsement, but there was no shortage of musical acknowledgements. Darlene Love vouchsafed his financial dishonesty, Dee Dee Ramone his musical middle age and ex-wife Ronnie Spector his emotional immaturity: 'He wanted to be a performer, but he didn't have the talent.'

Another of those without sin was the legendary 'Bumps' Blackwell, creator of the Little Richard sound at Specialty. 'His work was always cliché-ridden and he stole from black musicians, myself included. That's the way the industry is today. That's why we have shoe salesmen and drug addicts running it.' Nice one, Bumps. The most prestigious testimonial came from Presley biographer Albert Goldman, who described Spector as an aggressive character calling for more and more salvos, more guns, more rockets, more forces in a musical *Blitzkreig*, 'You have this mess of drums walloping about near the bottom, a cymbal tinkling away, then in the middle there's this vast primal horde of tremulous-lipped and acné-ed adolescents mewling away. The whole thing is melted down into a kind of acoustic glob I call the Wall of Schlock.' As he spoke, the Turners' 'River Deep, Mountain High' punctuated his words with salvos of emotional overkill. 'Best ears in the recording studio. Incredible ears,' said one Nino Tempo, which somehow explained everything. □

Weekend competition

No 2858 **Set by Nell L. Wregible**

It was A. A. Milne who got his paws on *The Wind in the Willows* and turned it into the play *Toad of Toad Hall*. But what if another playwright had taken up the option? Oscar Wilde, for instance? (That he was dead is irrelevant for the purposes of this comp.) So let's have extracts, max. 150 words, from dramatisations by any known playwright of *The Wind in the Willows*, *The House at Pooh Corner* or some other anthropomorphic classic. Deadline 13 February.

No 2855 **Set by Ms de Meaner**

Adrian Mole-style poems on subjects to have moved the cockles of your heart.

Report **By Babe Bio**

Tipicurl! Just becors I'm the same side of 20 as Poser Mole, look who's got lumbered with diging threw sacksful of parapubessent (ha! not bad eh?) verse. Anyway, Ive chuked out all menshons (hundreds and hundreds) of Pandora, on the grownds that you werent arsked to coppy the contents but only the wanking stile. That still left quite a lot of goodies, thow (I supose I have to addmit it): lots of trewly vomitsum conseets and some wunderful dying crashes at the ends. A Speshal Mensh to John Lynham's gang (I culdnt have piked just *one* of you out), Hapy Burthday to David Phillips and tikets, books and rekords to the orthers of the folowing:

Soft crimson tip-up seats,
Next to adorable Laura;

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All the Maltesers I buy she eats,
And drinks my fiery Kia-Ora.
My heart heaves a sigh
As they pull down where we saw *El Cid*
And *Blue Hawaii*.
But that was when I was a kid,
Wanting to be Paul or Ringo,
And the Gaumont and the Regal
Already ran Bingo,
And it was illegal
To see women being completely bare.
Now there is a frost in the air,
So it is cold, cold, cold.
Besides which, I am now getting pretty old.

WILL BELLENGER

Hello Snowman,
standing in the cold.
How's your heart this morning?
If I may make so bold.

My toes like yours are freezing.
So is my heart.
Alike, till the weather changes, Snowman,
then we must part.

You will soak away in the garden,
Snowman, I dare say;
but then much the same will happen to me,
I suppose, one day.

RALPH ROCHESTER

In Memorium

You would have been fifty, Elvis.
Tempus fugit. They called you The Pelvis
And belittled your acting,
But you have a great voice
And as for your films
You had very little choice.
When I see Priscilla
Appearing in *Dallas*,
I wish you were still a
Living being instead of an echo
On my stereo.

MARGARET ROGERS

Small green pound
Lying crumpled in my purse,
You're really quite disgusting,
Though the new pound coin seems worse.
As you droop, limp and dirty from the tips of my fingers
Though pride has all gone, affection still lingers.
You're going green pound,
Though loud we may holler.
How soon will it be that your name's changed to dollar?

KATIE MALLETT

The Third World War
Nearly started today,
When a Soviet Missile
went astray.
Fortunately, it did not get out of hand,
It crashed in Finland.
If its trajectory had not curled,
It could have been Fin World.

R. J. PICKLES

I think there's something melancholy
In a dumped supermarket trolley.
I saw one last week vandals had
Pushed in a hedge. It is quite mad.

Lord Sainsbury must lose quite a bit.
If I were him, I'd have a fit.
Now policemen with the rise in crime
For rustled trolleys have no time.

But weeds will rise and trolleys hide.
Some bird with nous will nest inside.
Maybe — who knows? — it is more jolly
To be a wild recycled trolley.

GEORGE MOOR

Naseem Khan
ACTing

ASIAN THEATRE has been a bit of a spectre over the years. Now here, now there; now you see it, now you don't. Around ten years ago the BBC had problems finding enough Asian actors for their television Hindi soap opera *Parosi*. And back in 1970, when I visited a youth drama group in Southall, things were even less promising. The group was among the first of its kind and, for all its successes, fraught with problems — parental misgivings, clashes of loyalty, a total failure to enlist girls (whose marriageability would have been harmed by such a dubious activity). It will take a long time, said people sagely, for an Asian theatre movement to develop in Britain.

The opening in the West End this week of the Asian Co-operative Theatre, with a play in English about life in Britain, proves that they were wrong. But, significant as it is, it would be a mistake to regard ACT's opening as a lonely sign of triumphant maturity. The Asian theatre movement has in fact been bubbling and simmering away all over the country in the past ten years or so. The only trouble is that, being locally based, it has all too often been invisible. And, being often not in English, it has been inaudible to many too.

The scope of the Asian language theatre has rarely been acknowledged. The alternative Festival of India (with which I worked) had no problems in providing different language productions from local groups for every day of its theatre week — Gujarati, Hindi/Urdu, Punjabi, Malayalam, Bengali, Tamil, English. It remains, however, the submerged section of the Asian theatre iceberg — energetic (within its own limits), well attended, but confined. An unknown section of British amateur theatre, and one that is unlikely to figure, for instance, in the deliberations next week of the first conference of the Central Council for Amateur Theatre.

On the other hand, would language theatre groups welcome overtures from CCAT and similar bodies? The work that I have seen has had its sights firmly on 'back home' — from Calcutta to Bombay — on issues of caste and community, using devices and characters like comic servants that owe nothing of their existence to Spitalfields, say, or Tooting Bec. Given such a fierce denial of being in Britain, the independence of that early Southall drama group, under the direction of Harbhajan Virdi, is even more striking, with their Hindi versions of Beckett and Pinter and prizes at local drama festivals.

Beckett, Pinter — some might say — can that be Asian theatre? Virdi has had his successors: a recent production of Chekhov in Urdu, for instance; a Hindi version of *Dial M for Murder*; an Asian cast performing *Hedda Gabler* in English. It all brings back the arguments that have run through the more visible world of black theatre. What is it? Who is it for? Where should it be performed? 'I don't think Asian performers on stage, or Asians writing, constitutes Asian theatre,' said Jatinder Verma of the Tara Arts Group firmly.

Or should it be issue-based (a dangerous idea since it assumes that Asians can be defined only in terms of racism)? The new ACT gives itself a flexible brief: 'the aim of generating new plays from the Asian community with a content that is contemporary and relevant to Asians in Britain today'. Tara Arts, our best known community-based group, would go further in defining areas. Beginning in 1976 in response to the stabbing of Gurdip Singh Chaggar and the total lack of a young Asian radical voice, their early work was documentary-style agitprop, popular with English radicals but low on Asian audiences. That, says Verma resolutely, need not be an index of 'lack of Asianness', but they have, nevertheless, shifted ground, feeling in addition the hot breath of the Hindi film — gorgeous, song-girt and hugely popular — on their necks. Their latest production of an Indian folk tale took them further on a new path. 'Most Asian theatre focuses on a specific content, the Asian Experience. But the current dominant forms are white. Form and content together is the political exploration that is necessary.'

The language theatre movement may be able to consider solely community audiences, but Tara wants more ('It should be valid for all'). So does the British Asian Theatre. 'The audience has to be Asian,' says Raj Patel firmly. But they expect mixed audiences at the colleges, schools and community centres to which they've taken their popular *The Man I Never Knew* over the past two months. Practicality as well as theory dictates that professional theatre groups look beyond the Asian community. An unalloyed experience of inadequate venues, low funding and dearth of critical attention drains the spirit, which is why both BAT and Tara are keen to build up a mainstream, small-scale touring network.

And this is, of course, where the ACT comes in. 'We are the first really professional Asian theatre,' says H.O. Nazareth proudly, 'not a community touring group.' They want to gain 'the critical attention of the mainstream' by its own professional standards. 'The idea that we should focus on Asian audiences is completely out.'

With Farrukh Dhondy as author of their first play and the platform of the GLC's Black Theatre Season, there is no doubt that they will get both the attention and the prestige they seek. There is no doubt either that the arrival of ACT is welcome. 'In the past,' said the GLC's Parminder Vir, 'Asian theatre has gone from one extreme to the other, either introverted or mimicking the West.' ACT is making a definite bid to step out of the ghetto — geographically, emotionally and financially. But what it should not do is to confirm the belief that something in the West End is necessarily better/more important/more worthwhile than less visible work. For if the ACT were to appear to condone this First Class/Second Class division, it would impoverish the very field from which it sprang. □

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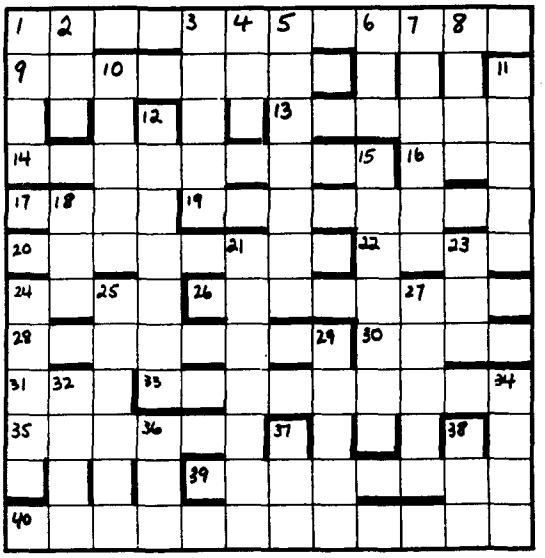
Salamanca 91

'ZAP'

PRIZES: £25 cheques for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 91, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 26 February.



Every answer (except 14 whose unchecked letters are elsewhere) mentioned in the following appears as a hidden jumble somewhere within the passage: 'This piece perhaps concerns the 19 29, as described by 14 in his 17 novel, 40, which tells of 16 1Ac and how with clinical simplicity he 7 the other 3; 20, a family 35; the many sons, among them 11 — and 12, who clearly wouldn't respond to violence or the ever-nigh threat of death, and despite having quit, oddly returned, and how finally he claimed the title of 40'

Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

ACROSS

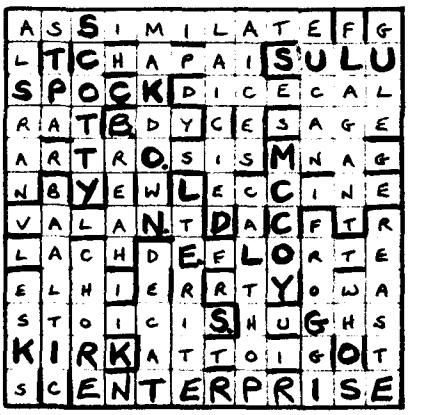
9 No longer dried up: even to death kept bending ears (8)
13 This performance should be proper for keeping time (6)
22 This duke would always require time for action (4)
24 Leading entertainment notably serving second war (4)
26 Restore fur to full means not almost (8)
28 Tree: dead cross between atap and elm? (8)
30 A bit of old writing found before English namely (4)
31 One man from Nigeria (3)
33 Drug: see it's terribly tragic with long use (9)
39 Fortification plan involving a field arrangement for a King in venture (8)

DOWN

1 Old court, see, giving pardon (?) to male (4)
2 Where some (or all!) winnings may be spent (3)
4 With iron constitution this ogre has strength (3)
5 Could be crude arrangement connecting end of pipe with end of another (7)
6 Regard spring and no longer brood (3)
8 A country perhaps is *in* this organisation? (4)
10 Fabric that is put on edge (5)
15 Roman type: could be lined and grey? (3, 4)
18 Artificial pool almost completed: no longer shortly thereafter (3)
21 Proclaimed it's turned angry? (7)
23 When once encased in iron it's deceptive (3)
24 This Roman needed energy, not exactly idle? (5)
25 Ruined towers, no longer great (6)
27 With a few involved it takes time in reaching this legal decision (5)
32 His music to a degree choral but not voiced? (4)
34 Who rests, having a cruise on this, though nameless (4)
36 An age for a Hindu bloke to rise (3)
37 Most distant from some coffee (3)
38 A bit of good English verse (3)

Apologies to readers for publication of the solution to S89 one week early. This was caused by pressure on crossword space in *NS* 25 Jan.

Solution to Salamanca 90

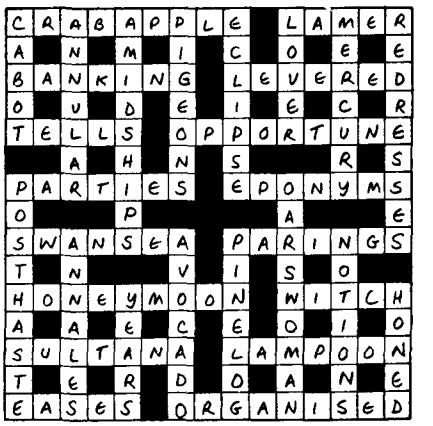


Theme; Star Trek, and ship 'The Enterprise' — note oblique clue to this in 37. Quotation 'our spirits are banded together in a common Enterprise'; misprinted answers, spotty, sulk, shock, accoy, kick, with dotted letters BONES, give main characters; the split infinitive alluded to in the title, 'to boldly go. . .'.

Prizewinners to Salamanca 90

S. A. Bentley (Northolt, Middx)
M. C. C. Rich (Ripon, N. Yorks.)
Gareth Walton (Birmingham)

Solution to 1466



Prizewinners to 1466

Danny Bethell (Cardiff)
B. D. Jewell (Camborne, Cornwall)
C. Rossington (Lincoln)

★ Classified Ads ★ Phone 01-251 5487 ★

PURSUITS

ACADEMIC (male, 45), seeks woman (30-55) for skiing in the sun. Will settle for mountain walking in rain. Box (02) 0057.

ADVENTURER/EXPLORER, 35, Aesthetic-Viking, interest: photography, history, touring Scotland, Orkney's early March '85: any *attractive ladies fancy a trip?* Box (05)0191.

ETHNIC MINORITY male, 36, seeks progressive lady, for friendship, exploring, sharing intimate and necessary pleasures and concerns of life. Yorkshire. Box (05)0201.

GERMAN PHILATELIST seeks penfriend for stamp exchange, correspondence too. Hans Schulz, Banhofstr. 49, 1170 Berlin, DDR.

HELLO! OPTIMISTIC male socialist (London), early thirties, into peace movement, travel, psychology, wishes to hear from female socialists world-wide, for correspondence, travel friendship. Box (05)0200.

LANCASHIREMAN, *lives SE London*, 39, tall, bearded, straightforward and sincere, seeks unattached man (over 21) to share interests (perhaps more) -- swimming, country walks, arts, homelife. Box (05)0170.

MALE, 25, rather shy, wishes to contact female to share interests in walking, travel, exploring countryside and country towns, inland waterways, visiting quiet pubs. Box (04)0141.

US MALE, professional, 56, desires educated, London theatre/restaurant companion in fifties/sixties, July-August. Box (05)0190.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 40, Londoner, literary interests, novels, writing, talks by writers, wishes to meet female. Holiday spent together, travelling and writing, would be nice. Box (01)0025.

YOU'VE GOT WINGS!
Put your personality profile in People Line (75p at newsagents in and around London) and soar with someone new.
660 6066

FINANCIAL

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd, 31 Dover St, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934.

LOANS £1,000-£20,000 in 10 days (secured). Also 100% **Mortgages** (Building Society) 3½ × income. Hometown 01-446 5451.

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. *Loans from £50. 175 Regent Street, London* W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

THERAPY

EXPERIENCED, CARING PSYCHOTHERAPISTS. 01-794 6810, 01-586 4109, 01-883 5418.

PSYCHOTHERAPY AND COUNSELLING: phone Roger Horrocks 01-385 4091.

APPOINTMENTS

LABOUR MP seeks part-time Secretary for constituency and Parliamentary work. Commitment, good writing style and sense of humour preferred. Box 9945.

OV SELECTION have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

WEST MIDLANDS ARTS
WRITERS IN THE COMMUNITY

Applications are invited from schools, colleges, libraries, community organisations, youth centres, hospitals, industrial concerns etc., in the West Midlands for this new scheme, under which funding will be considered for both one-off writer's visits and longer projects, including writing attachments.
Further information is available from, and *writers*, who are interested in such work, should send for details to:
Ros Bogle, Literature Secretary, West Midlands Arts, Brunswick Terrace, Stafford ST16 1BZ. Tel: Stafford (0785) 59231.

ASTMS

A secretarial assistant required for organising Trade Union official **C. Ball**. Skilled shorthand/audio typing essential. Knowledge of Trade Unions a great advantage. Good working conditions include 5 weeks paid holiday, extra statutory holidays and commencing salary of **£8,116.98**.

Applications in writing to
Mr C. Ball, ASTMS,
79 Camden Road,
London NW1 9ES.

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APPOINTMENTS

POEU

A VACANCY FOR PUBLICITY ASSISTANT

A vacancy has arisen for the post of Officerial Assistant (Publicity) in the POEU. The successful candidate will be a professionally qualified journalist (NUJ) and must have the qualifications and experience to undertake a wide range of journalistic and publicity work.

The salary scale is **£14,697** minimum, plus Outer London Weighting of **£685 p.a**, rising by three increments to a maximum of **£15,366** (plus Outer London Weighting). There is a contributory superannuation scheme in operation and normal retirement age is 60.

For further details and an application form please write to: **The General Secretary, Post Office Engineering Union, Greystoke House, 150 Brunswick Road, London W5 1AW.**

Closing date for applications will be first post on Friday 1 March, 1985. Applications will be treated in confidence.

THE LABOUR PARTY require a PRESS OFFICER

We need a journalist with working experience in newspapers or in a press office to join the team at Head Office which promotes the Party in all aspects of press relations. The successful applicant will be expected to provide ideas for interviews, features and other material to both papers and politicians, as well as fulfilling the information needs of journalists.

The salary scale is **£10,420-£12,080 p.a. (inclusive of £1,235 London Weighting).** The successful applicant will be a member of the Labour Party and will be required to join the NUJ if not already in membership. Knowledge and experience of the Labour movement will be of advantage.

Application forms are obtainable from: The Administrative and Personnel Officer, The Labour Party, 150 Walworth Road, London, SE17 1JT (tel. 01-703 1064) and should be returned by Friday 15 February, 1985. Shortlisted candidates will be interviewed during week beginning 25 February, 1985.

The Labour Party is an Equal Opportunities Employer.

Marxism Today

requires an

ADVERTISING MANAGER

We are looking for someone with an interest in advertising and a strong commitment to *Marxism Today*, a good sense of humour and an ability to work under pressure.
The job involves selling advertising space in the magazine and exploring new areas of advertising. Salary approx. **£6,000.**
Closing date **7 Feb**. Send application (with tel. no.) and CV with names and addresses of 2 referees to: **Marxism Today, 16 St John Street, London EC1M 4AY.**

SECRETARY PART-TIME,

for friendly, leftish, concerned writers partnership near Tonbridge, Kent. Sound secretarial experience essential (publishing? PR? advertising?); familiarity with word processor advantageous.

Write with CV to Box 9956

THE FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION

(an ecumenical Christian pacifist movement) wishes to appoint an

ORGANISING/ ADMINISTRATIVE SECRETARY

Office and administrative skills and experience are essential.
Opportunities for wider responsibilities available to suitable applicant.
Salary negotiable.
For further details apply to: **Fellowship of Reconciliation, 9 Coombe Road, New Malden, Surrey, KT3 4QA.**
Tel: 01-942-6521
Closing date: **1 March 1985**

CHIEF EXECUTIVE'S DEPARTMENT

Trade Union Liaison Officer

SALARY: £9,060—£9,660

The City Council is establishing this new post within its Employment and Economic Development Unit. The postholder will be responsible for the establishment of links and action between the Council and Trade Unionists directed at preserving existing and creating new jobs throughout the City. This work will take place alongside the Unit's other initiatives concerning training, low pay, business development, campaigns, research, and the development of an economic strategy for Leicester.

Candidates must have experience and understanding of the trade union movement, be able to relate to union officials at all levels, and be aware of needs of ethnic minorities, women and the disabled in the employment field. A high degree of self motivation and creativity are required.

For informal discussion telephone Chris Collinge, on **(0533) 549922** extension **6090**.

Assistance with relocation expenses up to a maximum of £2,075 and temporary housing accommodation are available in approved cases.

Application form (returnable by **18 February**) and further details from: **Director of Personnel and Management Services, New Walk Centre, Welford Place, Leicester, LE1 6ZG.** Telephone **(0533) 549922** extension **7084.**

LEICESTER CITY COUNCIL WORKING FOR YOU

LEICESTER CITY COUNCIL

As part of the City Council's Equal Opportunity Policy applications are welcome from people regardless of marital status, sex, race or disability.

GLC

Working for London

Part-Time Research Assistant

Police Committee Support Unit

This key Unit undertakes a broad range of research concerned with policing in London and produces a wide variety of information material, including a regular newsletter, discussion papers, policy reports and campaign publications.

Working as a member of a small research team, this post is concerned with women and policing and contributes to the research and preparation of information for use by community groups, MPs and others as well as briefing material for Members and speakers. The work involves liaison with grant-aided organisations and police monitoring groups and acting as GLC spokesperson at public meetings.

Experience of both women's issues and of research/ investigative work into policing, civil liberties or other linked areas is required, with a broad knowledge of London and the problems facing both community organisations and individuals. Applicants must be skilled communicators, with writing experience and a flexible and co-operative approach and proven capacity to work under pressure to deadline.

Salary: £12,993-£14,709 inclusive pro rata.

LONDON AGAINST RACISM

The GLC is an equal opportunities employer. We invite applications from women and men from all sections of the community, irrespective of their ethnic origin, colour, sexual orientation or disability, who have the necessary attributes to do the job.

For an application form, to be returned by 15th February 1985, write to: GLC Director-General's Department, Ref: 5045, Room 203, The County Hall, SE1 7PB or telephone 01-633 1527/2390.

This post is suitable for job sharing

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APPOINTMENTS

TRADES UNION CONGRESS

The TUC Education Department requires an Assistant to work in the field of public education policy. Knowledge of the public education and training system is essential.

Salary starts from £10,326 including London weighting.

For further details, and application form, please write quoting reference E2 to: **The General Secretary, Trades Union Congress, Congress House, Great Russell Street, London WC1B 3LS.**

Closing date for applications — **26 February 1985.**

The TUC is an equal opportunities employer.

NATIONAL UNION OF TEACHERS
requires
ASSISTANT RESEARCH OFFICER

There is a vacancy for an Assistant Research Officer in the Research Unit of the National Union of Teachers. The Research Unit provides information and briefings for the elected Executive, national officials and NUT members on a variety of topics related to the economic, financing and administration of the education service. Knowledge of at least one of the following areas is therefore essential: the education service, public spending, local government finance.

The person appointed will, in addition to contributing to the general work of the unit, be required to take responsibility for pay research. Previous experience in this field, preferably in a trade union context, is therefore essential. Micro computing experience would be an advantage as the unit has an Apple III.

Salary £7,635-£9,087 including London allowance (pay award pending). Appointment normally to commence on minimum of the scale. £1 per day LVs, four weeks annual leave plus generous public holidays, contributory pension scheme. The office is situated between Kings Cross and Euston stations.

Application forms and further details are available from **The Senior Official (Admin), National Union of Teachers, Hamilton House, Mabledon Place, London WC1H 9BD. Tel: 01-388 6191 ext 234,** to be returned by **20 February, 1985.**

PERSONAL

DOES YOUR family's home movie capture both private and possibly some public events between the years 1935-1945? If so, please contact TV researcher working on family life during the war years. Write to: 8A Camden Mews, NW1. Tel. 01-576 1218.

HEARTSEARCH

ARE YOU a stylish, professional/graduate woman, (35-45), slim, non-smoking, with wide interests? I am an unconventional academic gentleman, caring, affectionate, 52, looking for meaningful (hopefully) relationship. Box (05)0182.

HEARTSEARCH, PURSUITS & for 15 Feb issue VALENTINES
24 words incl. Box £4, extra words 26p each.

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Name: _____

Address: _____

No. of weeks: _____ Remittance £ _____

or charge my *Access/Visa/American Express

Card Number: _____

HEARTSEARCH ☐ tick

PURSUITS ☐ tick

Classification

VALENTINES ☐ tick

Delete as applicable

Post Coupon to: Classified Dept., New Statesman
FREEPOST, London EC1B 1EB

AMERICAN PILOT (Ultra-Conservative) in London every three/four months seeks unencumbered relationship with lady (30-40). Prefer Germanophile but all okay. Likes: History, Books, Theatre, Music, Humour, Guitar, Intelligent Conversation, Cognac. Photo please! Box (04) 0148.

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

ATTRACTIVE, LIVELY, Japanese woman (30s), wishes to meet attractive, affectionate, warm, solvent and reliable London man (35-45), view committed relationship. Box (04) 0146.

ATTRACTIVE MALE, tall and shy, 22, likes music and films, seeks slim female, for friendship and love. Mature lady welcome to have fun. London. Box (05)0160.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL man (58), loves arts, seeks attractive, sensual, non-smoking woman, slim/medium (any age to 53), any race/circumstance for warm friendship/enjoyments. Pref. London/ *surrounding area. Box (02) 0078.*

BUBBLY, ATTRACTIVE blonde, 32, single parent, slim, 5' 7", lovely 8 year-old daughter, own terraced cottage in County town (Herts), seeks male companion, 36+, with love of music, cars, travel, life — preferably stable & solvent. Box (05)0189.

CAN I REALLY find a partner to share my life? Continental woman, late 50s, slim, attractive, sense of fun and down to earth. Let's try. Box (05)0194.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

DON'T MISS OUT, Life is Short. Attractive, older woman, charisma, generous build, interests: antiques, travel, books, seeks caring male, unattached. Flatshare possible London/other. Box (05)0193.

EASY-GOING, BUT attentive Mancunian, professional man (33), having come to the mutually painless end of one successful NS *induced (2 yrs ago) relationship, is brave* enough to seek another. Box (05)0166.

EDUCATED, INDIAN woman, 40s, would like to meet educated, professional Englishman, 45 and over, for friendship. Box (04)0159.

EXCITING UNIVERSITY lecturer, seeks similar female or couple, to share intimate evenings watching collection of adult videos. North England, and regular visitor to London. Box (05)0163.

FAILED MALE — mint 45, honest, offers assistance as cook/handyman/chauffeur/ escort to successful Christian female, classical interests, for allowance/board/occasional day off. Box (05)0196.

FEMALE GRADUATE, independent, intelligent, attractive, 31, seeks similar, warm-*hearted male, to share interests in books, films,* theatre, travel, food. Midlands. Box (05)0165.

FEMALE LECTURER, 32, two children; interests (not indulged much these days): theatre, cinema, food, company, good conversation; seeks professional (m.) who is solvent, stable, unattached, kind, in Merseyside/Manchester area for companionship, fun, happiness. Box (04)0142.

FEMINIST-SOCIALIST woman, 32, lone parent, non-smoker; interests: performing arts, healing. Seeks strong, caring, honest individual with sense of humour, but not afraid of feelings. Box (05)0168.

FICTION WRITING female, more interested in creation than being thought a writer, sought as literary correspondent, by fifty year-old Cambridge man. Box (05)0187.

GAY GUY, 26, disabled but independent, London, friendly, hedonist, would like to meet warm, emotional man, over 21, disabled or able-bodied, for close friendship. Photo please. Box (03)0100.

GENTLEMAN 30s, London, tall, elegant, distinctive, attractive, interests: reading, 20s, 30s, 40s music, cinema — wishes to hear from pretty, well-built, shapely lady. Genuine good accent. Box (05)0197.

INTELLIGENT, ATTRACTIVE
small female seeks intelligent, warm, large male! I have an interesting academic career, super friends, but need a soulmate around my age (early forties). Enjoy music, walking, talking. Beds/Bucks/Cambs.
Box (05)0178

IRISH DIVORCED Dad, 48, lecturer, home-loving, sincere, lives with his two boys 8 & 9 in peaceful Irish town. Wishes to contact soulmate. Box (05)0183.

LECTURER, 44, 5' 8", PhD, seeks attractive woman (shapely?), with left-wing views. Likes: music, piano, countryside, cats, laughter, *peace. Photo appreciated.* Box (04)0134.

LONELY DOCTOR, male, under 45, sought by slim, very attractive, musically talented woman colleague, late 30s, view loving relationship, marriage, children. Midlands or London. Box (02) 0046.

LADY, FAIR, cultured, gentle, independent, seeks friendship with intelligent, sincere gentleman, 40/50. London area. Box (05)0185.

LIFE'S IMMEASURABLE surprise. Mature, unattached graduate, Londoner, seeks warm-hearted, intelligent, apolitical lady companion, for his hours of ease. Box (03)0089.

LIVELY-MINDED MAN, *into active fifties,* seeks marriage with Australian or New Zealand woman, to live happily ever after out there. Box (05)0171.

LIVELY, WARM, interesting, sensitive, intelligent woman, 2 similar children, seeks caring man. Interests: politics, arts, risk taking. W. Yorks. Box (05)0164.

LONDON MALE, 34, graduate, slim, bearded, quietish, caring, classical music lover (Machaut to Messiaen), also interested art, literature, walking, non-smoker, seeks cultured female, 30-40. Box (05)0173.

MALE, 41, married but missing warmth and intimacy seeks female, 30s, possibly similarly placed, for necessarily occasional but caring, hopefully long-lasting friendship. Box (05)0195.

MAN, 54, *would like to meet intelligent, aware,* feminist (non bra-burning variety) woman. My interests are walking, talking, listening, helping. Box (05)0169.

MANCHESTER-BASED Indian woman social worker, 43, left-wing, interested in everything, knows nothing about anything, seeks a man for lasting relationship. Box (04)0157.

MIDDLE-EAST BASED British Academic, 34, regularly in UK, seeks loving, caring, attractive woman, slim, 24+, with view to sharing my life working round the globe, bridging the cultural gaps created by being away from Europe: love, literature, politics, travel and good wine, correspond first with photo. Meet up in the UK in the summer. Box (05)0175.

PROFESSIONAL, LEFT-WING male, 33, bit of a romantic, interested in classical music, travelling, wining/dining and changing society, seeks female partner to indulge and share life, love and to create mutual happiness. W Midlands/anywhere. Box (03)0091.

SALE BARGAIN! Designer model (33), slightly shop soiled, ego dented, seeks socialist male for restoration work. Clint Eastwood o.n.o. Box (05)0181.

SCOTSWOMAN, SINGLE, *Edinburgh-based,* rising forty and just awakening, seeks intelligent male companionship/friendship to begin life. Box (05)0162.

SINGLE GIRL, 38, country-loving, artistic, intellectual, home-loving but enjoys travel, likes classical music, dislikes pop songs, seeks kindly, genuine, unpretentious, non-smoking man. Box (05)0180.

SOCIALLY ISOLATED since rejecting pious Left, seek friends, 20s, into politics/arts/-meaning of life, but uncommitted/satirical, who feel Fun matters too. Live London, correspond anywhere. Box (05)0179.

SOMEWHAT SHY lady, late thirties, seeks company of gentleman. Box (05)0186.

SRI LANKAN guy, postgraduate student in *US, socialist, enjoys travel, books, theatre, art* and music, seeks female with sense of humour, for correspondence and friendship. Box (05)0167.

SUN-SEEKING SOCIALIST socialite, youthful 39, psychologist, attractive Jewish heathen, seeks compatible man, fun, fit & forty (±5), warm, thoughtful & strong, for pursuit of truth & trivia. (London). Box (05)0174.

TARTY LAUGHMATE wanted for life by arty male. I'm 53/5' 10", plebeian, ratrace dropout, smokeless, loving, lovable, perfect!!! So menopausal you, my romantic hideaway or your place? Box (05)0188.

TAUREAN WOMAN, sensitive, considerate, creative, warm, humorous, contemplative, seeks similar man, 35-45, who enjoys life, for friendship + who knows? London. Box (05)0176.

THE GENTLE TOUCH. . . I love touching, affectionate physical contact, massage, and all things tactile/kinaesthetic. Other pursuits: dance, walking, cinema, therapy. *Friendly, Affectionate Man,* 35, seeks similarly *Warm, Affectionate, Sensual Woman* for these, plus warm but unpossessive friendship, loving sex, and mutual support. London. Letter with tel. no. — and photo? Box (05)0198.

THE MARRIAGE BUREAU (Heather Jenner). 124 New Bond Street, W1. 01-629 9634. Consult us for individual attention.

VALENTINE HEART Sought. Romantic, practical, non-smoking, caring, arts-lover wishes hopeful, equal, permanent, interdependence, with aware, fortyish, *genuine, loyal, stable female — warm lover,* easy companion. Box (05)0199.

WEST MIDLANDS. Active, sensitive man, non-executive type, seeks lively-minded woman, with social conscience, for warm friendship/marriage. I am active, over 50. Box (05)0172.

WOMAN (E. MIDLANDS), seeks unattached, warm, and solvent man (40s), interested in socialism, cinema, theatre, visual arts, and in her. Box (05)0177.

WOMAN, 35, independent, warm, socialist, seeks female and (tall) male friends in London. Likes most music, old films, walking, conversation. Box (04)0130.

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HOLIDAYS/ TRAVEL

CHEAPEST FARES. Paris, Caracas, Port of Spain, Singapore, Sydney, Hong Kong, Jo'burg, Nairobi, Istanbul, anywhere. Fareplan, 60-66 Wardour Street, W1. 01-734 9772.

CUBA SPECIAL. Two weeks holiday including six day tour plus seven days hotel beach resort. Departing 7 April and 26 May. £595 per person. Must book now. Ashley Holidays, 131a Bawtry Rd, Wickersley, Rotherham. 0709 543626.

HOSPITALITY & COMFORT Welsh Hills. Dinner, B & B £67 p.w. Bonner, Bron Fadog, Trefriw, LL27 0QA. Tel. Llanrwst (0492) 640566.

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Low cost flights, holiday journeys. 3-6 weeks. JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London W4 2HD. 01-747 3108.

PERSONALLY GUIDED TOURS OF CHINA. Student of Mandarin with experience of living and travelling in China. Willing to guide individuals/small groups. June-Sept. Box 9946.

LUXURY CHEAP HOLIDAYS!

Rent or exchange a family home in **Holl., France, Italy, Europe, USA,** etc. Large internat. circle of teachers, MDs. Letting of your (2nd) home, paying guest arrang. also possible. **Drs N.S. Binkhuysen, Home Holidays, POB 279, 1900 AG Castricum/Holland.**

BOOKS

AUTHORS INVITED submit Manuscripts. All types (including Poems) for book-publication. Reasonable terms. Stockwell Ltd, Ilfracombe, Devon. (Established 1898).

ECONOMICS COLLECTIONS BOUGHT. Also review copies. Politics, History, Sociology, ECONOMISTS' BOOKSHOP, Secondhamd Dept. Ring for appointment. 01-405 8643.

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion St, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822.

SECONDHAND BOOKS wanted all types and quantities. Clifton Books, Southend (0702) 331004.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

ACADEMICS VISITING. We have furnished flats near British Museum and Universities — Helen Watson & Co. 01-580 6275.

DRISCOLL HOUSE Hotel, 200 single rooms, £55 per week, partial board. Apply 172 New Kent Rd, London SE1 4YT. 01-703 4175.

EUSTON: large room, 3-5 nights weekly for quiet graduate. £13. 01-387 1824.

WANTED

BOOK PUBLISHER seeks quiet cottage, within 50 miles North London, for three months from March. About £200 p.m. Phone 01-729 5257/01-435 3709.

WANTED TO RENT: well appointed three bedroom flat in or near Central London, for American author and family, between 11 and 25 March. Please telephone Liz Calder or Sarah Dodsworth at Cape: 01-636 3344.

TRAVEL BARGAINS FOR 1985

Considerable reductions for groups of 6 or more

Write for our 1985 BROCHURE. NOW!

Please inform us which country you wish to visit.

LENINGRAD AND MOSCOW
by air £230
3-12 March
To celebrate International Women's Day
LENINGRAD via GDR £190 30 March/11 April
LAKE GARDA, DOLOMITES, COMO . . . £125
5/14 April & 25 May-7 June, 7/16 Sept.
ANDORRA & PYRENEES £135, 6-14 April
ALBANIA £240 26 May-7 June
MOSCOW BY TRAIN . . . £190 5/15 April & 27 Apr.—7 May, also leaving every Tuesday 9 July/17 Sept.
ORIENT EXPRESS to BLACK SEA . . . £155
dates as Moscow.
BERLIN, DRESDEN, LEIPZIG, PRAGUE . . . £145.
27 March—5 April, & 20-29 April.
PRAGUE £160 6/13 April & 12/19 May.

YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road
Huddersfield HD1 3JQ.
Tel: 0484 24269

LISTINGS

THURS 31 JAN

LONDON 'Food' 1st in 1985 Green Alliance Debates 'Interactions'. 6.30-8pm Oxford & Cambridge Club, 71 Pall Mall, SW1. Spkrs. Geoffrey Cannon, author of 'The Food Scandal' & Dr. Digby Anderson, Director, Social Affairs Unit, Inst. of Economic Affairs. Adm. £2 per debate, £7.50 series of 5. Details/**Tickets Angela Henderson, 60 Chandos Pl, WC2 01-836 0341.**

SAT 2 FEB

LONDON Day of Solidarity with Women of Cuba & Nicaragua 10am-5pm Marble Arch Intensive English School, 21 Star St, W2. 6pm-8pm Film, 8pm Dinner & Social. Adm. £3/50p UB40. Evening only: £1/50p UB40 **(Women only welcome) Register in advance: Carila, 29 Islington Park St, N1.**

BIRMINGHAM 'Local initiatives to Combat Poverty' Labour Social Security Campaign fringe meeting. 5.30pm District Labour Party Offices, 14 Bristol St, B'ham 5. Spkrs. Geoff Edge, SMCC, Steve Carr, Low Pay Unit, Roger Lawrence, LSSC.

LEWISHAM Book & Record Sale 2pm Lewisham Labour Club, Limes Grove, Adm. 5p. Miners' Benefit with local band, puppet show, raffle, bar. 8pm. All proceeds to miners & their families. **Org. Lewisham Miners Support Grp. 01-318 7502.**

LEEDS 'Save our benefits' day school 9.45am-4.30pm Swarthmore Centre, Woodhouse Sq. Spkr. Linda Leonard, Nat. Campaign against SS cuts & workshops on social security reviews. **Details: Leeds 570352.**

BIRMINGHAM 'The Changing Role of Members & Officers' Fabian Soc. fringe meeting at Local Government Conf. 12.45pm Carnation Rm. Grand Hotel, Colmore Row, Spkrs. Jack Cunningham MP, Alan Alexander. Adm. 50p. **Org. Fabian Society.**

ABERYSTWYTH March & Rally 'Wales supports the Miners'. Assemble 1.30pm Stn. Car Park. March thru. town to Great Hall for Public Meeting. Spkrs. incl. Terry Thomas, Vice Pres. SW Area NUM. Stalls, films refreshments, creche. Benefit Evening in Student's Union. Tickets £2.

LONDON 'Working for Jobs — Planning for Industry' — new strategies for tackling unemployment, the economy, LA contribution. 12.45pm Westminster 1 Room, Grand Hotel, Culmore Row. Spkrs. incl. John Prescott, MP, Michael Ward, GLC.

LONDON Socialist Society AGM. Open seminars on Labour & the TU's, Miners' Strike, Project 2000. Spkrs. incl. John Palmer, Nigel Williamson, Mike Coolley, Anna Coote. Adm. £3.50/£2.50 UB40. **Details: 01-734 8501/0705 669159.**

MON 4 FEB

CAMDEN 'King Real and the Hoodlums' new film about Barrow with poetry reading by Adrian Mitchell. 7pm Harmood Community Centre, Ferdinand St, NW1. Adm. £1. **Org. South Camden CND.**

LONDON History Workshop Seminar: Michael Foot on 'Attlee's Labour Government.' 7.30pm White Swan, 14 New Row, WC2.

TUES 5 FEB

LONDON AGM of Labour Parliamentary Assoc. 7pm Cttee. Rm. Ref. Ernie Roberts MP., House of Commons, SW1. Spkr. Roy Hattersley MP. **Org. Labour Paliamentary Assoc.**

HORNSEY 'Molesworth Peace Camp' Spkr. Jimmy Johns. 8pm Hornsey Library. **Org. Hornsey CND.**

LONDON 'Equal Pay for Work of Equal Value' Spkr. from NCCL. 1pm St. Edmund the King Church, Lombard St, EC3. **Org. City Centre 01.735 8903.**

WANDSWORTH Recent Research on Depression Spkr. Dr. Cornelius Katona, St. George's Hospital. 7.30pm Penfold Centre, 1 Neville Gill Close, SW18. Adm. Free. **Org. WAMH, 3 Brodrick Rd. SW17.**

GLASGOW AGM West of Scotland Socialist Health Assoc. 7.30pm TU Centre, Carlton Pl.

WED 6 FEB

LONDON 'Nicaragua — The Way Ahead for 3rd World Development'. Spkrs. Jeremy Corbyn MP. 7.30pm County Hall. **Details: SERA, 9 Poland St, W1. 01-439 3749.**

LONDON Socialist Health Assoc AGM 8pm Walthamstow Town Hall, Forest Rd, E17.

THURS 7 FEB

LONDON CSE London Forum: 'Socialist Economic Policy' — new forms of social ownership? Spkrs. Doug Jones, Ben Fine. 8pm 'Wheatsheaf Rathbone Pl. W1.

LONDON 'New 2nd-Generation Irish Women's Grp' now meeting at Irish Centre, Murray St, Camden first Thurs of each month at 7.30pm. **Details: Maureen 01-791 0427.**

LONDON 'Civil Defence?' Public Meeting with Simon Turney GLC, Roger Poole NUPE, Fred Barker CND. Adm. Free. 8pm Victoria Hall, Sheepcote Rd.

SAT 9 FEB

LONDON Public Order Research Grp./Greater London Assoc. of Trades Councils Conf. on Policing & Public Order: Proposals for Change. 1pm Congress House, Gt. Russell St, W1. **Details: Public Order Research Grp, 9 Poland St, W1. 01-734 5831.**

FORTHCOMING

13 FEB EWELL 'Pacifism' CND meeting 8pm 42 Reigate Rd, Ewell. **Details: Peter Brooker Epsom 21348.**

14 FEB LONDON Music of Baroque Dresden — concert to commemorate 40th anniversary of Dresden bombing. 8pm St. Martins in the Fields, Trafalgar Sq, WC1. Tickets: £2.50/£1.50 UB40 at door. **Proceeds to National Peace Council & World Disarmament Campaign.**

17 FEB LONDON Hampstead Community Centre 'Women's Day' 10am-4.30pm 78 Hampstead High St, NW3. Workshops on Women's self-defence, assertion training, art therapy, relaxation. £1.50 each. Creche, lunch. **Details & booking: Frances Turner, 01-794 8313.**

19 FEB LONDON SE London Brnch. Socialist Health Assoc. meeting to discuss 'Democracy in the NHS'. 8pm 195 Walworth Rd, SE17.

19 FEB LONDON AGM of W. London Brnch. SHA. 7.15pm Boardroom, W. London Hospital, Hammersmith Broadway, W6.

21 FEB DUDLEY Inaugural Meeting of Socialist Health Assoc. Brnch. 7.30pm Main Hall, Education Unit, Russells Hall Hospital.

21 FEB BRIGHTON Inagural Meeting of Socialist Health Assoc. Brnch. 8pm NALGO Club, Baldwin Hs. 164-167 Edward St.

23 FEB LONDON GLC Assembly on Abolition, ratecapping, jobs. Wembley Conference Centre. **Details: Rm. 217 County Hall 01-633 4400.**

28 FEB LONDON Miners Benefit with John Hegley, The Joeys, Ra Ra Zoo, the Popticians. Spkrs. Tony Benn, Ken Livinstone 7.30pm Porchester Hall, Porchester Rd, Queensbury, W2. Adm. £3/£1.50 UB40. **Org. 'CAST'/Westminster North Labour Party. 01-487 3440.**

2-3 MARCH LONDON Campaign Against Arms Trade 'Bread not Bombs' National Meeting at 111 Gower St, WC1 (Sat) Friends International Centre, Byng Pl, WC1 (Sun). **Bkings & Details: CAAT, 5 Caledonian Rd, N1 9DX 01-278 1976.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

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MEETINGS

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W.D.C.
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FRENSHAM HEIGHTS SCHOOL

Rowledge, Farnham, Surrey 025 125 2134

Headmaster: ALAN L. PATTINSON, M.A., Oxon.

Frensham Heights is a co-educational boarding and day school of 255 pupils aged 11 to 18. It is not a typical public school: there is no underlying conservatism informing its liberal philosophy; nor is there any religious allegiance or indoctrination, though the "pre-judice of the enlightened" against religion is avoided. The school is a liberal society, in the sense that headmaster and staff generally subscribe to humanitarian principles. This has some impact on the school and the development of its pupils, reflected in the uniquely friendly relationships between staff and pupils, seniors and juniors, and in the school's interest in human issues. It must be admitted that this interest fluctuates with the varying consciousness of the pupils from year to year, and the headmaster has occasionally told the school that a pupil doesn't suddenly become enlightened simply by being at Frensham Heights. Like any school, we have to grapple with prejudice and ignorance, but we feel that the end-product is usually fairly open-minded, compassionate and confident with some notion of human rights, including sexual equality.

The school went through an excessively progressive period in the late sixties and early seventies, and gained a reputation as a do-as-you-like school. It took four to five years to reform the school and restore its reputation, but it has enjoyed considerable respect over the past six years, and it may be reasonable to claim that it has become one of the country's leading co-educational boarding schools. If examination results and university entry are valid criteria, then it is a highly successful school. A staff-pupil ratio of 1 to 8 does much to explain how a relatively mixed ability school can get O level pass rates in the seventies and A level pass rates in the eighties. Over the past six years over eighty per cent of the Sixth Form have gone to university, including Oxbridge; others have gone on to polytechnics, colleges of higher education, art colleges (the school's art is distinguished), drama school (the school's drama is excellent). The science department is large, well-equipped and has a fine academic record; the creative and performing arts receive parity of esteem with other subjects.

More important criteria are the happiness of the pupils with the school, the building of self-esteem and the promotion of human values. We do not promote competition, orders of merit or honours boards.

PROSPECTIVE PARENTS' DAY

We hold regular Prospective Parents' Days. Dates on application. The Headmaster gives a frank talk about the school, answers questions and arranges for visitors to be shown the school by pupils.

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PROSPECTUS FROM HEADMASTER'S SECRETARY, MRS DOROTHY STIMPSON

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